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*Arthur; or, the Northern Enchantment. A Poetical Romance. In Seven Books. By Richard Hole, L.L.B. 8vo. 4s. in Boards. Robinsons.*

BLACKMORE, by his double epic on this hero, has been doubly 'damned to fame;' but Mr. Hole seems not to have been repressed by this accumulated misfortune, from selecting Arthur as 'the subject of his verse,' or from owning himself to be the author. As we are on the ground of romance, we may be allowed to remark, that he seems to be the favoured knight by whom this difficult adventure is to be achieved; or, in other words, to be the poet by whom Arthur may be celebrated without adding to the examples of the bathos. He is not afraid to introduce his hero in a storm, as Sir Richard, if we recollect rightly, has done in his first epic; but there the resemblance drops. The scenery and images which occur in the first book are extremely picturesque, sublime, and terrible.

If Arthur be a suspected personage, whose existence may be questioned, and in whose history facts and fables are so closely intermingled, that even his admirers doubt whether they have not raised a phantom into real life, this poem is of a cast equally equivocal. It is neither the Iliad nor Orlando Furioso, but appears to partake of the nature of each, while in its milder scenery and more polished language it departs from both, and we suspect Virgil to have been in the author's eye. He declares it in his preface, to be 'an imitation of the old metrical romance, with some of its harsher features softened and modified;' and we know not in what other words to characterise it. It is too desultory to be considered as a regular epic, yet too well connected and too important in its action to deserve the humbler title of a tale, or of a romance. The ideas of fairies, ghosts, witches, necromancers, and the gloomy 'diabolisms' which possessed the minds of our unpolished forefathers, have indeed ceased to maintain any influence over a more reflecting race, and scarcely at present affect the weak and illiterate. Yet we carry so much of the superstition of the nursery, the veteres aviæ, in our breasts, that, when displayed in elegant numbers, and decorated

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by the brilliant colours of a glowing fancy, these tales will still fascinate our imagination, and carry away the reason captive. We resign ourselves with Ariosto and Spenser to a pleasing and avowed delusion, while we took coldly on historical narrative, for what is there in the events or in the catastrophe, that we knew not before. If our author entertained this idea, and it is no improbable one, we can easily excuse him for hurrying us away into the regions of imagination, and leading us to '*the old days of the king Arthure,*' when

'*All was this land fulfill'd of Fayry.*'

If we examine this equivocal child of Homer and Ariosto more closely, we shall find the manners most nearly to resemble those described by the Italian poet, while the boldness of the imagery and the uniform loftiness of the style show the author to be no mean proficient in the school of Homer. The great hinge on which the story turns, is this: The Weird Sisters, the Parcæ of the North, dimly descrying through the veil of futurity, that Arthur's succeeding to the throne of Britain and union with Merlin's daughter, would be fatal to the Gothic nations and their religion, are said to

'Have weaved with artful malice to impede  
What heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed,  
Round Inogen's and Arthur's natal hour  
Spells of dark import and pernicious power.'

One of the difficulties in which they are involved is, that though 'whosoever married Inogen, should from that hour reign supreme in Britain, and subdue all his enemies; yet that her life should be a continued scene of misery, unless she should fly from the man she most dearly loved, and he by whom she was beloved should reject her.' Hengist likewise, the Turnus of the poem, has impenetrable armour, and, like Macbeth, 'bears a charmed life.' Another difficulty is, that unless the two bravest of the Scandinavian leaders should 'plant in each other's sides the mortal wound,' Arthur would never reign in Britain. Merlin's supernatural wand is to oppose the malice of these malignant beings.

In the first book, the hero of the tale, like Æneas or Blackmore's Arthur, is wrecked on the coast of one of the western islands. The descriptions we have said are bold and picturesque. In the second, Merlin relates the events previous to the opening of the poem, a necessary circumstance, if Horace's advice be pursued. Several characteristic as well as moral reflections are introduced in this narrative: the following on his return with Inogen to scenes 'by time endeared,' and the description subjoined is no unfavourable specimen of it:

'Thro'

Thro' various toils our calm retreat we found,  
 Still, as of old, with nature's blessings crown'd.  
 The gurgling rill as softly urg'd its way ;  
 The birds as blithly warbled on the spray :  
 As sweet the blushing flowers perfum'd the air ;  
 The hills as verdant, and the meads as fair.

' But ah ! our minds were changed—to them no more  
 These scenes appear'd as in the tranquil hour.  
 In murmurs harsh the rill was heard to flow ;  
 The feather'd songsters seem'd to mock our woe :  
 Each object rose unlovely to the view,  
 For all was ting'd with sorrow's sable hue.

' It chanc'd, one morn in deep reflection lost,  
 I many a hill, and silent valley crost.  
 At length the sun gain'd his meridian height,  
 And scarce my feeble limbs sustain'd their weight.  
 Before my view a gloomy forest rose :  
 To quench my thirst, and in its shades repose,  
 I thither bent my way ; for thence the sound  
 Of waters struck my ear : th' untrodden bound  
 I slowly pierce, and now their view obtain,  
 As from th' impending cliff they pour'd amain.  
 The cooling wave the pangs of thirst allays,  
 And round my head the breeze refreshing plays.  
 An aged oak beside the torrent stood,  
 Of size immense—the monarch of the wood.  
 O'er the green dell its boughs were widely thrown,  
 And seem'd to make a forest all their own.  
 The trees, that round their leafy honors rear'd,  
 Like lowly shrubs on barren heaths appear'd  
 When mated with its height—in the cool shade  
 I lay reclin'd ; a mossy stone my head  
 Supported, for around in order plac'd  
 The lonely spot a rocky circle grac'd.'

The vision which occurred on this spot is high'y poetical ;  
 and the account of the Druidical sacrifices, we suspect, have  
 too secure a foundation in truth.

In the third book, Arthur quits Ebuda in an enchanted bark :  
 Ivar, an amiable youth, wishes to accompany him, but is not  
 permitted. He lands in the bay of Ituna (Solway Frith), and  
 the bark, with his conductor Merlin, vanishes from his sight.  
 This whole book is full of romantic incidents : spells, prodigies,  
 and enchantments attend us in every step, and it is more ex-  
 travagantly, perhaps more pleasingly wild, than any other in  
 the poem : yet few of the incidents, we believe, are new.

On waking from his repose, where visionary scenes of Bri-  
 tain's future glory had been displayed, a suit of enchanted armour  
 and his favourite steed appear. His course is through a dreary



country, desolated by his enemies, till a dark impenetrable forest rises before him. As he travels by its side, a pillar of black marble attracts his notice, on which Merlin's advice is inscribed, concluding with—'Be circumspect, be brave.' He enters the wood, and reaches a castle, where another Sinon, or in the language of romance rather than of the epos, Urda, under the disguise of a shepherd, warns him not to approach the castle beset with spells: he rejects the council, when 'the dæmon stands confest', and defies both his and Merlin's power. The charm thus dissolved, the tempting vale through which she advised him to pass appears to be a horrid and destructive chasm. At the castle he arrived, blew the horn at the gate, and Hengist appeared. In the description of the battle, and of the castle, when Hengist, who could not be wounded, was hurried away in a fog by Urda, Mr. Hole seems to have strained his poetical talents to their fullest bent, and we have scarcely seen more animated descriptions, more vivid imagery, or more genuine poetry. The hero saw

' —Th' extended walls, the turrets crown'd  
With hideous objects: wheeling wide around,  
The screeching owl, the raven of the night,  
With notes ill-omen'd urge their crowded flight.  
Harpies obscene their direful forms unfold;  
And dragons arm'd in scales of burnish'd gold,  
Beat the resounding air with out-stretch'd wings,  
Like rushing storms, and shake their pointed stings.  
Sulphureous torrents roll the moat around  
In liquid flame; the boiling waves resound,  
And lash the rugged walls: before his eyes  
The bridge, the portal fades: black vapours rise,  
And fiery flakes shoot thro' the dusky skies.

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' Infernal spirits on the walls appear,  
Here the sword blazes, there the threatening spear,  
Here, like a meteor, levell'd at his heart,  
Gleams on the bending string the flame-rip'd dart.  
From each red eye-ball glanc'd the sparks of ire;  
Each dismal front seem'd scath'd with livid fire:  
With wrath o'ercast, and horror's blackest hue;  
While wreathing on the winds their snaky tresses flew.'

We think the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth lines have seldom been equalled for bold and picturesque imagery. The etymology of Stonehenge, from Hengist's castle supposed to have been in the site of this celebrated remnant of antiquity, is fanciful, but at least as probable as any other account. The following description of Lionel and Cradoc, prisoners in this castle, may have been copied from Ugolino in Dante; but there is much originality in that of the work before us:

' Their



' Their voices well the British hero knew,  
 And in his eyes swell'd pity's pearly dew.  
 Their chains unbound, he led them t'ward the light,  
 But ah! what horrid objects met his sight!  
 Their hair, like elf-locks round their shoulders clung:  
 Each limb was weaken'd, every nerve unstrung.  
 Pale, meagre famine fate in either face—  
 Extinct the manly form, and martial grace.  
 In hollow sockets dimly roll'd their eyes;  
 Their lab'ring bosoms heav'd with frequent sighs.  
 With staggering steps they totter o'er the ground,  
 And gain at length their prison's utmost bound;  
 Then dropping on the verdant turf, inhale  
 The long-lost sweetness of the freshening gale.'

Why did the author disgust the cooler critic by changing the tense in the last lines? Their dungeon also was like that of Ugolino, and their behaviour was suitable to their situation:

' Dank was the floor: our limbs strong fetters bound;  
 And toads and loathsome reptiles crawl'd around.

" Here meet your doom! the furious Hengist cried—  
 Here pay the forfeit of presumptuous pride!"

When the gate clos'd, and the last struggling ray  
 Of light was vanish'd; when we heard the key  
 Turn on the grating ward, what wild despair  
 Possess our souls? we wildly rave, our hair,  
 Our flesh we strive to rend; our chains deny  
 Th' attempt: then still in silent grief we lie;  
 Wishing that fate our heavy eyes would close,  
 And weight of sorrow sink us to repose.  
 Repose, not such alas! our souls desir'd,  
 We find, with strong conflicting passions tir'd,  
 Sleep seals our eyes: but ah! tho' seal'd our eyes,  
 Terrific objects to our sight arise:

Th' unquiet mind's perturbed brood: a train  
 Of nameless horror and chimeras vain!

' We wake, and rage again, our bosom rends,  
 And frenzy reigns; but soon the tear descends  
 In silent anguish. Tho' our wish was death,  
 Yet nature taught us to prolong our breath;  
 E'en in our own desite; but thought t' assuage  
 Thirst's burning pangs we found, and hunger's rage,  
 Sav'd noisome weeds nurs'd by a scanty tide,  
 Out-welling from the cavern's rocky side,  
 That lav'd the muddy soil—thus, many a day,  
 Tho' time we mark'd not, in despair we lay.'

The knights are hospitably entertained by Ebrank, the father of Lionel's mistress; and they soon separate: Arthur, as directed by Merlin, to the British forces in Cambria, the others to the auxiliaries whom they had brought from Gallicia.

In the fourth book, we find Launcelot in the bay of Menevia, expecting Arthur, and the recital of the preceding events introduced in this part, though necessary to the conduct of the poem, is not artificially conducted. Arthur's auxiliary heroes are described with great spirit, and they join in a resolution to revenge the prince's supposed death. The Scandinavian leaders, Hengist excepted, are introduced sitting at a banquet, or as Mr. Hole's favourite Ossian would say, 'rejoicing in the strength of the shell' in the royal hall at Carlisle. The speech of Urda, who appears to them in the form of Odin their warrior god, is animated and characteristic. Their religious rites, the contention between Hacon and Valdemar, their march, and every circumstance, seem exactly appropriated. The author appears to be no mean proficient in northern antiquities.

The apostrophe to ambition, which opens the fifth book, is poetical and just. The battle is fought with spirit, and the little digression concerning the Laplanders, breaks the scene of horror with much skill. We are glad, however, to meet Arthur again; we had almost forgotten the hero. The Scandinavian manners seem to be still preserved with care, except in the conclusion of the northern bard's consolatory speech to Hacon on the death of his son. It does not, we believe, appear, that, though according to Ossian, the *Celts* thought the departed spirit would wander round low marshes and lonely vales, nor ascend without the assistance of an epicedium sung by a bard to the halls of the mighty, the Goths entertained the same sentiments; or that it was usual for *them* to sing one over the tomb of a fallen hero. The idea of appeasing a shade by the death of an enemy, was also not a Gothic one, and can only be apologised for by the ferocious and savage character of Hacon. We ought, however, to add, that the three Scandinavian leaders, though all brave and enterprising, are strongly discriminated: the generosity and tenderness which seem occasionally to break forth from Valdemar, distinguish him from the dark and vindictive Hacon, as well as from the insolent and impetuous, but artful Hengist.

In the fifth book, we are again hurried away to

'Lapland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.'

The winter-scene with which it is introduced, is taken, with the addition of some highly poetical images, from Olaus Magnus' description of Biarmia. In this desolate region, in a cave never seen by mortal, two of the weird sisters perform their incantations. The speech of Urda, who approaches them, is sublime and terrible; she gives Hengist, still in a swoon to their care, and predicts that 'his sword shall be imbrued in royal blood.' The cave, on his recovery, is changed to a Gothic hall of exquisite beauty,

beauty, and he expresses his indignation at being deceived by the weird sisters; but they appear, and grant his request to assume the form of Arthur; and on this precipice our author seemed to tremble: he escapes, however, with some dexterity:

‘ We grant thy daring wish ! — they swift reply ;  
In semblance of his radiant arms to shine ;  
T’ assume his mien, his look, his voice be thine.  
To guide thy course to those enchanted bowers  
That hold conceal’d the beauteous maid, is ours ;  
But that alone—If thou successful prove,  
She quit her dwelling, and repay thy love,  
Then Odin’s race shall sway the British throne—  
But know, the danger’s great, th’ event unknown.  
Futurity’s dark vapours intervene.  
Elude our sight, and blot the coming scene.’

We believe this ignorance of futurity is perfectly consonant to the received opinions respecting these northern Parcæ, whose malevolence is supposed to be sometimes counteracted by circumstances, sometimes by superior powers. In pursuance of their will, he is conveyed in a cloud-formed chariot to the bower of Inogen, the heroine whom we had been long anxious to know. She is admirably described as well as her bower, and we are lost ‘ in the delightful land of faerie.’ But a passage alluding to the fairies themselves, destroys the illusion, and annihilates what our imagination had almost realised:

‘ Oft as beneath their shade deep-musing stray’d,  
At night, or dewy eve, the British maid,  
When the bright moon adorn’d heaven’s spangled plain,  
Before her sight arose the fairy train,  
In white plum’d helms, and vests of splendid hue,  
Cloud-form’d, and deck’d with quivering gems of dew,  
And while, to crown the revels of the night,  
Obedient glow-worms lend their living light,  
Their sweet-toned lyres the little minstrels sweep,  
And the charm’d winds in placid silence sleep.  
A sprightly band, accordant to the sound,  
With measur’d steps in circles print the ground.  
At blush of morn they vanish from the view,  
And night’s pale empress wrapt in shades pursue.  
‘ E’en in these latter days, by forest green,  
The swain benighted oft their sports has seen.  
Thus potent fancy can the sense enchain,  
Form, and embody forth her airy train  
In simplest minds, and give to vacant eyes,  
What sterner Wisdom to her sons denies,  
Impressions sweet and strange ! alike her sway  
Th’ inventive bard, and humble swain obey.’



The interview between Inogen and Hengist, with her irresolution when urged to quit the delightful bower, is happily described : the following comparison is, we believe, original:

‘ As some pellucid current that divides  
The flower-embroider’d valley, while it glides  
By the pale lily, or the blushing rose,  
Now shines in whiteness, now with crimson glows ;  
Thus varying colours clothe the virgin’s cheek,  
And the strong conflict of her soul bespeak.’

The death of Cador, by which the prediction of Hengist’s embruining his sword in royal blood is verified ; Inogen’s behaviour in consequence of it ; the combat between Hengist and Valdemar, in which the latter is enraged at the base and un-knightly behaviour of his *supposed* greatest enemy, for Hengist had still the form of Arthur, and the other by the apparently improper interference and menaces of his former friend ; their mutual fury, which renders them unmindful of the dæmon’s predictions, and urges them blindfold to the fall they were forewarned to shun, are incidents truly dramatic, and conducted with much address. Inogen flies ; but it was foretold that she should fly from *Arthur*, not from his *semblance*. In the next book indeed she disclaims all affection for him, and threatens to destroy herself if he dares approach her ; but she *does not fly*.

In the seventh book, we again meet with Arthur, whom we left at the end of the fifth in pursuit of Valdemar. At the approach of night he takes shelter in a cottage, and the description of its peaceful inhabitants seems introduced to relieve the mind by contrasted images. It is in many respects pleasing, but we shall transcribe only a short specimen of the author’s milder descriptive talents : it is a picture of the morning:

‘ Faint streaks of light the purpled east illumine,  
And wellward rolls the slow decreasing gloom.  
With varied screams around Conagra’s height  
The birds of ocean urge their eddying flight.  
Some o’er th’ unruffled main disporting sweep  
On outstreck’d wings, some mid the briny deep  
With pinions clos’d fall headlong ; and convey  
Exulting to their young the scaly prey.  
Soon brighter beams, as o’er the hills is borne  
The vapor dim, its curling fides adorn  
With golden tints ; meanwhile th’ enlivening gale  
With shadowy waves o’ercasts the grassy vale ;  
And the rill bursting from the rocky height  
Winds thro’ the narrow dell in floating light.’

After some adventures, our hero meets, we know not how, with Ellena, the attendant of Inogen. Her escape, and various other circumstances which followed her elopement with the  
semblance

semblance of Arthur, raise his jealousy and aggravate his distress: he is urged to vengeance, and pursues the course Hengist had taken.—The story then returns to Inogen, but these changes are scarcely allowable in any poem, even distantly related to the epic, though countenanced by the desultory manner of Ariosto, whose ‘wood notes wild,’ Mr. Hole might think preferable to those learned by art. Inogen, however, having quitted the forest, and perceiving her strength to fail, ‘seeks repose beneath the grateful shade.’ Hacon and his bards fix on this spot to enter Sweno. The Norwegian king, suitably to his barbarous character, having discovered, wishes to destroy her to satiate his own vengeance, when she is rescued by a youthful knight in his first essay at arms; and this knight we find to be Arthur’s former friend Ivar, with whose amiable and generous character in the first and third books we were highly pleased. This seemed to us a happy idea, and it was no less so to bring Arthur to the spot, while she bent weeping over her brave deliverer, who was grievously wounded in her defence. A scene of recrimination ensues, and the last intricacy of the plot is unravelled, except that Inogen *does not fly*, with much skill. The difficulties would not soon have been cleared had not Merlin assisted: it was truly a dignus vindice nodus. His speech, which appears a very characteristic one, concludes the poem.

Such is the modern Arthur, an epic, born in these degenerate days, when we little expected the task of criticising a poem of this first class, and when we could scarcely find sufficient room to draw even the most imperfect outline of a proper criticism. To every friend of the Muses it will afford great entertainment. The story is agreeably wild and pleasingly romantic: the conduct displays much imagination, and the images are in general splendid and picturesque; the events interesting; the diction polished and musical. The imagery may appear to be too frequently borrowed from Ossian; but we may acquit Mr. Hole of the charge of concealed plagiarism, since he frequently owns his obligation to his former friend.

We have said, in the course of this article, that Mr. Hole is no mean proficient in northern antiquities. This opinion is fully evinced by the many judicious and learned notes interspersed, which seemed almost to suggest the suspicion which was entertained respecting Vathek, that the work was written to introduce the notes. Indeed, in this romantic ground, he seems never to think himself secure, unless he produces good authority, which makes his poem no less instructive than entertaining; though a dealer in poetic fictions only, might exclaim

‘Must we swear to the truth of a song?’

If we had not extended our article so far, we should have given



given some account of these notes, as well as of the very judicious and learned preface with which the poem is introduced. At present we must conclude our article with a specimen only, and we shall take, without any selection, that which lies open to our view :

‘ Of this ancient custom an instance was given p. 121. An older one occurs in Plutarch’s life of Theseus : who mentions that his supposed tomb in the island of Scyros being opened by command of Cimon, bones of a vast size, a spear pointed with brass, and a sword, were found in it. In Ezekiel, c. xxxii. v. 27. it is said of Mefech and Tubal, that “ they shall not lie with the mighty which are gone down to hell with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads,” &c. that is, they shall not be buried with arms like brave men. It has been conjectured, that by Mefech and Tubal, the Scythians or some neighbouring people were meant ; and it is generally thought that the Grecians were descended from that numerous and wide-extended race. The heaps of stone or earth, of which so many still remain among us, accumulated in honour of distinguished leaders, and pillars of stone erected to their memory, was a custom not peculiar to the Goths, but prevailed among the Jews likewise, and other ancient nations. It is particularly noticed in the second book of Samuel, c. xviii. v. 17. 18. And in the Hercules Furens of Euripides, Theseus assures his friend that the Athenians shall offer sacrifices, and erect heaps of stones to his memory.—Θυσιασι, λαϊνοισι τ’ ἐξογχομασι.’

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*A General History of Music, from the earliest Ages to the present Period. By Charles Burney, Mus. D. F. R. S. Vols. III. and IV. 4to. 2l. 2s. in Boards. Robinsons.*

**D**R. Burney’s first volume of this very learned and elaborate work was published in 1776; the second followed it in 1782 \*; and we have received the third and fourth after an interval very little longer than that which intervened between the first and the second. If we were to judge of the time that has elapsed by the wishes of those whose taste or profession leads them to these studies, we should call it long; yet, when we consider the number of authors, not only to be consulted but read, and the great quantity of matter to be arranged, we can only wonder how the author could find opportunities to complete his great work, amidst the duties and fatigues of a profession, which seem to exclude the possibility of constant application.

His researches, hitherto, have been in times which afforded

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\* The first volume was examined at great length in the XLI. volume of our Journal, in five different articles: the second occurs in our LIV. and LV. volumes, and is comprehended in four articles.



few materials that could be thoroughly understood or depended on; but now he is arrived in the age of modern music, while the multitude of authors have increased his labour, their clearness has lessened his difficulty, and he proceeds in his history, resting upon facts instead of trusting to conjecture. Though the subject of these volumes is music, yet it is divided into so many branches, that we have found it to be impossible to give our opinion in general terms; and as impossible, in our narrow limits, to accompany our author through his various disquisitions. We will therefore extract some passages, which may without injury be separated from those that precede and follow them; and upon these we shall offer some remarks as we proceed.

The third volume opens with an *Essay on Musical Criticism*, the introduction to which we will extract, as it goes upon principles that require not a practical knowledge of music to comprehend.

‘As music may be defined the art of pleasing by the succession and combination of agreeable sounds, every hearer has a right to give way to his feelings, and be pleased or dissatisfied without knowledge, experience, or the fiat of critics; but then he has certainly no right to insist on others being pleased or dissatisfied in the same degree. I can very readily forgive the man who admires a different music from that which pleases me, provided he does not extend his hatred or contempt of my favourite music to myself, and imagine that on the exclusive admiration of any one style of music, and a close adherence to it, all wisdom, taste, and virtue depend.

‘Criticism in this art would be better taught by specimens of good composition and performance than by reasoning and speculation. But there is a certain portion of enthusiasm connected with a love of the fine arts, which bids defiance to every curb of criticism; and the poetry, painting, or music that leaves us on the ground, and does not transport us into the regions of imagination beyond the reach of cold criticism, may be correct, but is devoid of genius and passion. There is, however, a tranquil pleasure, short of a rapture, to be acquired from music, in which intellect and sensation are equally concerned; the analysis of this pleasure is, therefore, the subject of the present short *Essay*; which, it is hoped, will explain and apologise for the critical remarks which have been made in the course of this *History*, on the works of great masters, and prevent their being construed into pedantry and arrogance.

‘Indeed, musical criticism has been so little cultivated in our country, that its first elements are hardly known. In justice to the late Mr. Avison, it must be owned, that he was the first, and almost the only writer, who attempted it. But his judgment was warped by many prejudices. He exalted Rameau and Geminiani at the expence of Handel, and was a declared  
foe

for to modern German symphonies. There have been many treatises published on the art of musical composition and performance, but none to instruct ignorant lovers of music how to listen, or to judge for themselves. So various are musical styles, that it requires not only extensive knowledge, and long experience, but a liberal, enlarged, and candid mind, to discriminate and allow to each its due praise:

*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*

A critic should have none of the contractions and narrow partialities of such as can see but a small angle of the art; of whom there are some so bewildered in fugues and complicated contrivances that they can receive pleasure from nothing but canonical answers, imitations, inversions, and counter-subjects; while others are equally partial to light, simple, frivolous melody, regarding every species of artificial composition as mere pedantry and jargon. A chorus of Handel and a graceful opera song should not preclude each other: each has its peculiar merit; and no one musical production can comprise the beauties of every species of composition. It is not unusual for disputants in all the arts, to reason without principles; but this, I believe, happens more frequently in musical debates than any other. By principles, I mean the having a clear and precise idea of the constituent parts of a good composition, and of the principal excellencies of perfect execution. And it seems, as if the merit of musical productions, both as to composition and performance, might be estimated according to De Pile's steel-yard, or test of merit among painters. If a complete musical composition of different movements were analysed, it would perhaps be found to consist of some of the following ingredients: melody, harmony, modulation, invention, grandeur, fire, pathos, taste, grace, and expression; while the executive part would require neatness, accent, energy, spirit, and feeling; and, in a vocal performer, or instrumental, where the tone depends on the player, power, clearness, sweetness, brilliancy of execution in quick movements, and touching expression in slow.

‘But as all these qualities are seldom united in one composer or player, the piece or performer that comprises the greatest number of these excellencies, and in the most perfect degree, is entitled to pre-eminence: though the production or performer that can boast of *any* of these constituent qualities cannot be pronounced totally devoid of merit. In this manner, a composition, by a kind of chemical process, may be compounded as well as any other production of art or nature.’

The mention of De Pile's steel-yard brings to our remembrance a ballancing of the merits of different musicians, on the principles of the ingenious Frenchman: it was published about seven years since, in a Magazine.

After mentioning the necessity of studying that particular branch of music we are to criticise, he says,



‘ To judge minutely of *singing*, for instance, requires study and experience in that particular art. Indeed, I have long suspected some very great instrumental performers of not sufficiently feeling or respecting real good singing ’

This observation is strongly confirmed by a trait in the musical character of the late Mr. Gainsborough, who had certainly no relish for vocal music, and was only pleased by instrumental performance.

Dr. Burney commences the historical part of this volume, by a continuation from vol. II. of the State of Music in the reign of Henry VIII. from thence proceeds to its state in Edward VIth's time, and gives a list of the musicians of this period, at the head of which he places Dr. Tye. We doubt not of there being some good reasons for this preference; but we know of no composition of Tye that is so masterly and pleasing as the well-known anthem of ‘ I call and cry,’ by Tallis. We think some parts of Farrant's ‘ Benedictus,’ to be neither ‘ dry, nor uninteresting.’

The reign of queen Mary offers nothing of importance. Of that of queen Elizabeth, he says,

‘ In speaking of choral music during the long and prosperous reign of queen Elizabeth, our nation's honour seems to require a more diffuse detail than at any other time: for, perhaps, we never had so just a claim to equality with the rest of Europe, where music was the most successfully cultivated, as at this period; when indeed there was but little melody any where. Yet, with respect to harmony, canon, fugue, and such laboured and learned contrivances as were then chiefly studied and admired, we can produce such proofs of great abilities in the compositions of our countrymen, as candid judges of their merit must allow to abound in every kind of excellence that was then known or expected.’

The musical anecdotes of this reign are many of them curious and interesting: in these days of freedom and liberty, what shall we think of pressing boys for the service of the royal chapels? But, after all, perhaps, it is not worse than another application of the same violence, which still subsists.

The author gives a clear account of the first introduction of psalmody into the reformed churches, which our limits will not permit us to extract. The tune of the hundredth psalm, which will ever be admired, is the composition of Claude le Jeune.— But we like the modern bass better.

‘ Lovers of mere harmony might receive great pleasure from metrical psalmody, in parts, devoid as it is of musical measure, and syllabic quantity, if it were well performed; but that so seldom happens, that the greatest blessing to lovers of music in a parish church, is to have an organ in it sufficiently powerful to render the



the voices of the clerk, and of those who join in his *out-cry*, wholly inaudible: indeed all reverence for the psalms seems to be lost by the wretched manner in which they are usually sung; for, instead of promoting piety and edification, they only excite contempt and ridicule in the principal part of the congregation, who disdain to join, though they are obliged to hear, this indecorous jargon. There can be no objection to sober and well disposed villagers meeting, at their leisure hours, to practise psalmody together, in private, for their recreation; but it seems as if their public performance might be dispensed with during divine service, unless they had acquired a degree of excellence far superior to what is usually met with in parish-churches, either in town or country, where there is no organ.'

From psalmody the author proceeds to the other species of composition, and seems to think that the English musicians of this age were superior to all their contemporaries in other countries. To support his opinion, he gives specimens of their abilities, in which the compositions of Tallis evidently claim a preference. He mentions Bird also with great respect; in this we in general join, with the exception of his service in D minor, which we think the most dry and unmeaning of any thing that can be called music. He enumerates many other English composers of this age, among the rest Milton's father, and gives examples of their music, most of which have long since ceased to exist, except as curiosities, unperformed, and indeed almost unknown.

We cannot follow the author even through the general heads of his history, much less can we be expected to descend to the many particulars of the various composers he enumerates, though they are for the most part full of curious information. He has collected the different passages in Shakspeare's plays which allude to music, and, where they needed it, explains them; but there are one or two inaccuracies, which we will take the liberty to correct. Speaking of the *Tempest*, he says that 'it has lately been performed, more as a musical masque than as an opera or play, at Drury-Lane, to the music of the late T. Linley, as it used to be to that of Dr. Arne and others.' We do not apprehend that Mr. T. Linley did any thing to this opera, but set instrumental parts to the quartet of 'Where the bee sucks,' &c. nor were these instrumental parts more than the double of the song parts. It cannot be information to any musical reader, that the original tune was Arne's, which was made into a quartet, with some additions, by Jackson of Exeter. In the author's quotation from the *Winter's Tale*, he should have mentioned the very pretty trio of Boyce, made on the words, 'Now farewell, for I must go,' &c. We rather blame the omission, because we think it has great merit as an original melody. A page or two before he introduces Shakspeare, he  
quotes

quotes a stage-direction from Gammar Gurton's Needle, in which is the phrase, 'Pype up your fiddles:' Dr. Burney cannot reconcile *pip*ing with *fidd*ling. It is undoubtedly incorrect; but, in his researches among the records of barbarous times, he must have remarked, that our forefathers made no scruple of such improprieties; and that, by correcting them, we lose the language and the manners of the age. Shakspeare's *sea* of troubles, in Hamlet, has been in some editions corrected into *siege* of troubles, to preserve the integrity of the metaphor. 'Or to take arms against a *sea* of troubles.' The critic thought it improper to take arms against a *sea*, and altered it to *siege*. But, if we have not room enough for the immediate subject of these volumes, we have none to spare for incidental criticisms, though we could show reason for dissenting from the ingenious author in some of his explanations. As the thread of our remarks on the History is now interrupted, we will take this opportunity of turning a few pages back, where we have the following note.

'Writing in eight real parts, *fugato*, in this close manner, is perhaps more difficult than in the same number of parts, *a due cori*. As the exercise for the degree with which I was honoured at Oxford, was required, by the statutes, to be composed in eight real parts; previous to supplicating for it in that university, besides the anthem, consisting of solo, verse, and choral movements, accompanied by instruments, I prepared a vocal chorus, in eight real parts, in the same full and rigid manner as Orl. Gibbons's "O clap your hands together," before I had seen that or any other of the same kind. It was, however, not performed: as the late worthy music-professor, Dr. William Hayes, said that though this movement alone would have well entitled me to a doctor's degree, it would not be wanting, the choruses of the anthem being sufficiently full to satisfy him and the university of my abilities to write in many parts.

'Upon shewing Mr. C. P. Emanuel Bach the score of the exercise that was performed at Oxford, 1769, he honoured it so far as to beg a copy of it, and afterwards had it performed, vocally and instrumentally, in St. Catharine's church at Ham-burgh, under his own direction, 1773. It was repeatedly performed at Oxford, after it had fulfilled its original destination; and once the principal soprano part had the advantage of being exquisitely sung by Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan. It is hoped that the reader will pardon this *egotism*, which has been extorted from me by occasional and sinister assertions, "that I neither liked nor had studied church music."

The assertions are rather more '*sinister*' than the author is aware of. We never heard that Dr. Burney had any exclusive dislike to church music: it is not this or that style of music  
the



the doctor is accused of not studying; it is because he has never given to the public an instance of his abilities as a composer, in any style. We give the charge home and plainly, in the hope and belief that it will soon be refuted, and by the only *effectual* method. The exercise for the degree of doctor of music, here published, will not be considered as a refutation. We wish that, in a future edition of this great and learned work, the whole note may be erased: we also recommend the omission of three or four lines in a note, p. 92, which are in every view beneath the author to write. We recollect the passage in the Thirty Letters very well; and, if he will look at it, he will see, that it was the *vulgarity*, not the *mirth*, of the catch that was objected to.

It is with great pleasure that we quit these spots: we will now turn to the brighter parts of this luminary. After enumerating the musicians in the reign of James I. who seem rather inferior to their predecessors, he goes on to appreciate the merits of those in the time of the unhappy Charles.

‘This prince, says he, however his judgment, or that of his counsellors, may have misled him in the more momentous concerns of government, appears to have been possessed of an invariable good taste in all the fine arts; a quality which, in less morose and fanatical times, would have endeared him to the most enlightened part of the nation: but now his patronage of poetry, painting, architecture, and music, was ranked among the deadly sins, and his passion for the works of the best artists in the nation, profane, pagan, popish, idolatrous, dark, and damnable. As to the expences of his government, for the levying which he was driven to illegal and violent expedients, if compared with what has been since peaceably and cheerfully granted to his successors, his extravagance in supporting the public splendor and amusements of his court, will be found more moderate, and perhaps more innocent, than that of *secret service* in later times; and however gloomy state-reformers may execrate this prince, it would be ungrateful, in professors of any of the fine arts, to lose all reverence for the patron of Ben Jonson, Vandyke, Inigo Jones, and Dr. Child.’

We honour the author for his warmth in speaking of Charles, who was undoubtedly the greatest patron of genius of any sovereign who had gone before him. The painter had the most, and the musician the least genius of the four artists above mentioned. Of Lawes, we have the honour of thinking the same as Dr. Burney; but the measure in that song he has inserted of this composer, puts us rather in mind of Dr. Greene's song of Fair Sally loved a bonny Sailor, than the ballad of Harry Carey.

Music, at this time, partakes of the commercial spirit which animates all nations. The teaching it, as an accomplishment; the



the making of instruments; the printing and copying compositions, not only gives bread but riches to thousands all over Europe. England has much more of this trade than any other country, and it is a trade that has lately been produced, in consequence of the influx of riches and their attendant, luxury; but

‘ During the most tranquil part of Charles’s reign, it seems as if musicians must have chiefly subsisted on the household and chapel establishments, the munificence of their sovereign, and private patronage of the great; as, in summer, no such places as Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or other public gardens, furnished them with employment, or afforded them an opportunity of displaying their talents; and in winter, there were no public concerts, either in the capital, or in provincial towns; and, except the theatres, which employed but small bands, there seem to have been no public means of subsistence for singers out of the church, or, except organists, for instrumental performers any where. Luxury was now less diffused through the kingdom than in subsequent times; for, in proportion as commerce has been extended, individuals have become rich, while the state has been impoverished. Nothing renders men less parsimonious and circumspect in their expences than a sudden and unexpected influx of ready money. Our ancestors, whose income was circumscribed, had little to spare for new modes and expensive pleasures. The great were munificent, but the rest were necessarily economical.’

The author afterwards observes, that

‘ There was but little instrumental music of any kind printed during this period; and, for keyed-instruments, nothing appeared from the time that *Parthenia* was engraved, till 1657, when a book of lessons for the virginal was published in the names of Dr. Bull, Orlando Gibbons, Rogers, and others. At a time when all other instrumental music was so easy and simple, as to appear now perfectly artless and insipid, the extreme complication and difficulty of all the music that was composed for the organ and virginal, is truly marvellous; and, indeed, though frequent complaints are made concerning the difficulty of the harpsichord and piano-forte music of our times, it may be asserted, with the utmost truth, that it has been simplified and rendered more practicable in every part of Europe, during the present century, while compositions for almost every other instrument are daily rendered more difficult.’

This observation upon the old and present character of music for the harpsichord is perfectly just: might not the complexity of the ancient lessons arise from the mistaken idea of employing every finger to enrich the harmony? We remember a reply made by the late Mr. Butler, to some extravagant encomiums on the performance of old Sebastian Bach—‘ That gives me no idea of playing: depend upon it, he was a *soul cramming* performer.’

The musicians which appeared during the Interregnum were, for the most part, of no account.

‘During this last year of the Usurpation was published “The Division Violist, or an Introduction to the playing upon a Ground, by Christ. Simpson,” a musician extremely celebrated for his skill in the practice of his art, and abilities on his particular instrument. The base-viol, or viol da gamba, was in such general favour during the last century, that almost all the first musicians of this country, whose names are come down to us, were performers upon it, and composed pieces purposely to shew its powers; but particularly Coperario, William Lawes, Jenkins, Dr. Colman, Lupo, Mico, and Loofemore. But this instrument, like the lute, without which no concert could subsist, was soon after so totally banished, that its form and construction were scarcely known, till the arrival of Abel in England, whose taste, knowledge, and expression upon it were so exquisite, that, instead of renovating its use, they seem to have kept lovers of music at an awful distance from the instrument, and in utter despair of ever approaching such excellence. The instrument itself, however, was so nasal, that this great musician, with all his science and power of hand, could not prevent his most enthusiastic admirers from lamenting that he had not, early in life, applied himself to the violoncello.

‘But if its general use had continued, or were restored, this book of Simpson, from the universal change of taste and style of every species of music, would be of but little use to a student on that instrument now; when rapid divisions, of no other merit than the difficulty of executing them, have been totally supplanted by vocal expression, learned modulation, and that rich harmony to which the number of its strings is favourable. Rough, but warm encomiastic verses, are prefixed to Simpson’s works by Dr. Colman, John Jenkins, Matthew Lock, and others, which only shew with what perishable materials musical fame is built.’

We apprehend that the Loofemore here mentioned was a maker of instruments as well as a performer. There are some nasal harpsichords of his, to borrow the doctor’s epithet, still existing; but his great work is the organ of the cathedral of Exeter, made, if we recollect the inscription correctly, in 1665. We extracted this passage more for the sake of the elegant compliment paid to the memory of Abel than to give the history of the viol da gamba; an instrument which may be said to be now extinct, perhaps never to be revived.

The author, in his *State of Music at Oxford during the Protectorate*, gives many extracts from the life of that well-known antiquary Anthony a Wood, which are highly characteristic and entertaining.

‘Oxford,

'Oxford, in the time of the civil war, seems to have been the only place in the kingdom where musical sounds were allowed to be heard; for that city, during a considerable time, being the royal residence, not only the household musicians, but many performers, who had been driven from the cathedrals of the capital, as well as those of other parts of the kingdom, flocked thither as to a place of safety and subsistence; however, in 1646, after the king was obliged to quit this post, and had been totally defeated at Naseby, they were obliged to disperse, and those that were unable to find an asylum in the house of some secret friend to the royal cause and to their art, were obliged to betake themselves to new employments.

'Ten years of gloomy silence seem to have elapsed before a string was suffered to vibrate, or a pipe to breathe aloud, in the kingdom; as we hear of no music-meetings, clubs, or concerts, till the year 1656; when, by the peculiar industry of honest Anthony Wood, whose passion for the art inclined him to regard every thing that belonged to it worthy of memorial, we have an exact account of the state of practical music in this university.'

We have now brought down our review of this very considerable work to the period of the Restoration. We hope to be able to return to it very soon.

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*Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany. By Hester Lynch Piozzi. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. in Boards. Cadell.*

WE once quoted Dr. Johnson's admirable farewell letter to his 'Thralia:' it enjoined her not to quit England; not to live in Italy. We have thought, more than once, that these volumes formed a laboured answer to it. Notwithstanding heat and cold; scorpions, gnats, and beetles; the offensive smells on one side, and the parched grounds, pointed out by the lively pleasure expressed at seeing occasional verdure on the other, every thing is charming. The Alps and Apennines lose their terrors; Rome is the mistress of the world; Milan and Florence are its gardens; nor is Lucca, where liberty gives the zest to labour, and unusual fertility is the reward of both, without its share of praise. Whether this hypothesis is well founded; whether the love of literary fame, or some meaner motive, suggested this publication, is of little importance to us, or to the world: the 'Observations and Reflections' will be always pleasing; though in the loose negligent undress in which they appear, the title and form of Letters would have been preferable. But Mrs. Piozzi detests deceit. She would not call by the name of letters what was not written in that form; and would not



condescend to disguise her sex by a man's habit, to see a beautiful picture, which had strongly excited her curiosity, but to which, as it was in a monastery, women were not ostensibly admitted. We cannot blame so laudable an inclination; but, if she would not be a correspondent, she should have been a more correct observer. The style, which we might have praised in letters, is disgusting in the author of more collected remarks; and the inaccuracies, which are excusable in these unpremeditated effusions, must be condemned in what appears to be a more serious attempt. Crambo, the friend and associate of Martinus Scriblerus, was, it is said, every day under the influence of some particular word. Our fair author is possessed by many such dæmons. Every thing is at times *so* elegant—and it is *so* disgusting: 'we never should have heard of such a trifle, but that it happened just by, *so*.' Then it is *such*; and this little word, without the corresponding part of the sentence, is repeated many times in a few lines. Again, it is very often *somehow*—'I did not greatly like it, *somehow*.' At another time, '*one*' is wholly predominant; and it would be difficult to bring in the word more frequently than in the following short sentence—'*one* cannot for *one's* life, hear *one* another speak.' Indeed, '*one*' is the favourite through the whole work; and almost divides the lady's favours, with the beautiful, harmonious, and elegant monosyllable '*so*.' Really, Madam, *one* cannot read ten lines without feeling *somehow* such disgust *so*: *one* is tempted to lay down a work, where *one* meets with *so* many inelegancies, *such* colloquial barbarisms, which *one* must always feel *somehow* unpleasant.

But to leave these little errors, these little offences against what ought to distinguish even the conversation of every elegant and well-educated woman, we shall turn to the work, remarking only that Mrs. Piozzi introduces a little too frequently allusions to literature and science, which are sometimes so greatly forced, as to appear affected; and, in one or two instances, so inapplicable as to become ridiculous. In her tour, she first appears at Calais, hurries through Paris and Lyons, across the Alps to Turin, Genoa, and Milan. At Milan, the travellers remained some months, and next went to Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, across the Apennines to Florence. After some stay at Florence, the party directed their course to Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, Sienna, and Rome. At Rome, we have them at the end of the first volume; and we shall stop here to give some account of what occurs in it.

It is a trite observation, that every traveller sees with different

ferent eyes ; and, if the remarks are written while the ideas are vivid, will dwell on what was most striking in the view, and most interesting in the recollection. Lady Mary Wortley Montague described with accuracy the dress and appearance of the enchanting sultana, to whom she was admitted, neglecting some other circumstances which the philosophic enquirer could wish to have known ; and Hasselquist, on the other hand, scarcely says any thing of the Pyramids of Egypt, except to describe a species of moss which grew on them, and some pismires whose nest was near their base. From Mrs. Piozzi, we receive much that other travellers have thought perhaps beneath their notice, but which fills up the picture of Italy, and is interesting to every one who would pursue nature in different paths, where various emergencies require suitable resources, or where different tastes suggest a variety of ornament. The splendid scenes strike her imagination ; but her description is general, and frequently indiscriminated : the little objects of fancy and of taste seem to be more congenial, and are rested on with apparently greater fondness.

When we again turned over the first volume, with a view of selecting some parts which might give an adequate idea of the varied information and entertainment which it affords, we found so many passages marked, that selection was difficult, and it was no equivocal proof, that whatever censure rigid criticism might pass on the whole, there were many very brilliant and highly pleasing parts. Indeed, Mrs. Piozzi enlivens the dullest subject by the sprightliness of her descriptions, and her various resources in different sciences. We will set out with the lady in her passage over the Alps :

‘ In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with golden touches of autumnal tints ; immense cascades mean time bursting from naked mountains on the one side ; cultivated fields, rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts, where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber ; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottom, and bells in thickly-scattered spires calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one’s mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.’—

—‘ Going down the Italian side of the Alps is, after all, an astonishing journey ; and affords the most magnificent scenery

in nature, which, varying at every step, gives new impression to the mind each moment of one's passage; while the portion of terror excited either by real or fancied dangers on the way, is just sufficient to mingle with the pleasure, and make one feel the full effect of sublimity. To the chairmen who carry one though, nothing can be new; it is observable that the glories of these objects have never faded—I heard them speak to each other of their beauties, and the change of light since they had passed by last time, while a fellow, who spoke English as well as a native, told us, that having lived in a gentleman's service twenty years between London and Dublin, he at length begged his discharge, chusing to retire and finish his days a peasant upon these mountains, where he first opened his eyes upon scenes that made all other views of nature insipid to his taste.

We next arrive at Turin.

Some letters from home directed me to enquire in this town for Doctor Charles Allioni, who kindly received, and permitted me to examine the rarities, of which he has a very capital collection. His fossil fish in slate—blue slate, are surprisingly well preserved; but there is in the world, it seems, a chrysalised trout, not flat, nor the flesh eaten away, as I understand, but round; and, as it were, cased in chrysal like our *aspiques*, or *fruit in jelly*: the colour still so perfect that you may plainly perceive the spots upon it, he says. To my enquiries after this wonderful petrefaction, he replied, “That it might be bought for a thousand pounds;” and added, “that if he were a *Ricco Inglese*, he would not hesitate for the price:” “Where may I see it, sir?” said I; but to that question no intreaties could produce an answer, after he once found I had no mind to buy.—

—The amiable old professor, from whom these particulars were obtained, and who endured my teizing him in bad Italian for intelligence he cared not to communicate, with infinite sweetness and patience grew kinder to me as I became more troublesome to him: and shewing me the book upon botany to which he had just then put the last line, turned his dim eyes upon me, and said, as they filled with tears, “You, Madam, are the last visitor I shall ever more admit to talk upon earthly subjects; my work is done; I finished it as you were entering:—my business now is but to wait the will of God, and die; do you, who I hope will live long and happily, seek out your own salvation, and pray for mine.” Poor dear Doctor Allioni! My enquiries concerning this truly venerable mortal ended, in being told that his relations and heirs teized him cruelly to sell his manuscripts, insects, &c. and divide the money amongst *them* before he died.

We should have stopped a little at Milan; but the best parts we have seen already retailed in the news-papers. We may however, select a short anecdote;

‘ Natural



'National character is a great matter: I did not know there had been such a difference in the ways of thinking, merely from custom and climate, as I see there is; though one has always read of it: it was, however, entertaining enough to hear a travelled gentleman haranguing away three nights ago at our house in praise of English cleanliness, and telling his auditors how all the men in London, *that were noble*, put on a clean shirt every day, and the women washed the street before his house-door every morning. "*Che schiavitù mai!*" exclaimed a lady of quality, who was listening: "*ma natural mente sarà per comando del principe.*"—*What a land of slavery!*" said Donna Louisa, I heard her: "*but it is all done by command of the sovereign, I suppose.*"

At Venice, where objects are new and uncommon; where our traveller is wild with amazement, and energetic in her descriptions; we find nothing so very different from other accounts, particularly Dr. Moore's, as to induce us to enlarge on what she has remarked: indeed, what seems to us most interesting would be too long for our limits. The passage which relates to Guarini's Pastor Fido, is too interesting to an admirer of Italian literature to be omitted.

'Having heard that Guarini's manuscript of the Pastor Fido, written in his own hand, was safely kept at this place, I asked for it, and was entertained to see his numberless corrections and variations from the original thought, like those of Pope's Homer preserved in the British Museum; some of which I copied over for Dr. Johnson to print, at the time he published his Lives of the English Poets. My curiosity led me to look in the Pastor Fido for the famous passage of *Legge humana, inhumana, &c.* and it was observable enough that he had written it three different ways before he pitched on that peculiar expression which caused his book to be prohibited. Seeing the manuscript I took notice, however, of the beautiful penmanship with which it was written: our English hand-writing cotemporary to his was coarse, if I recollect, and very angular;—but *Italian hand* was the first to become elegant, and still retains some privileges amongst us. Once more, every thing small, and every thing great, revived after the dark ages—in Italy.'

The name of Dr. Johnson reminds us of an observation, which we forgot to make in its proper place. The lady seems occasionally to introduce her old friend, as if she wished her name to pass down the stream of time with his, and to partake the gale of his fame. Yet, there is more than one passage, where we think she feels the lurking sparks of resentment, the *veteris vestigia flammæ*. In the beginning, she mentions Mrs. Fermor, the prioress of the Austin nuns, niece to Belinda, the heroine of the 'Rape of the Lock.' She remarked, that there was little comfort, in her opinion, 'to

be found in a house that harboured *poets* ;' for she remembered that Mr. Pope's praise had made her aunt very conceited and troublesome, while his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait on it. He sat dozing chiefly in the day, she said, and wrote his verses in the night, when a maid was constantly employed in making coffee for him.

The Venetians Mrs. Piozzi describes very advantageously. Their softness, their kindness, and good humour ; their attention, fidelity, and steadiness, are much commended.

Of Florence we can only describe la Contadinella Toscana, for Mrs. Piozzi's recapitulation is a little too trifling and much too egotic—where I dined with a prince, where I gave a dinner, where Nardini played a solo, where we wrote the Florence Miscellany, &c,—but we forget the damsel :

' La Contadinella Toscana, however, in a very rich white silk petticoat, exceedingly full and short, to show her neat pink slipper and pretty ankle, her pink *corps de robe* and straps, with white silk lacing down the stomacher, puffed shift-sleeves, with heavy lace robbins ending at the elbow, and fastened at the shoulders with at least eight or nine bows of narrow pink ribbon, a lawn handkerchief trimmed with broad lace, put on somewhat coquettishly, and finishing in front with a nosegay, must make a lovely figure at any rate : though the hair is drawn away from the face in a way rather too tight to be becoming, under a red velvet cushion edged with gold, which helps to wear it off I think, but gives the small Leghorn hat, lined with green, a pretty perking air, which is infinitely nymphish and smart.'

We were well pleased with Lucca, and with the sublime terrors which attended the residence at the baths of Pisa ; but we must hasten to Rome ; though we shall only make a short stay there with the fair author, and transcribe a short passage as a specimen of her lively descriptive manner :

' At the Colonna palace what have I remarked ? That it possesses the gayest gallery belonging to any subject upon earth : one hundred and thirty-nine feet long, thirty-four broad, and seventy high ; profusely ornamented with pillars, pictures, statues, to a degree of magnificence difficult to express. The Herodias here by Guido, is the perfection of dancing grace. No Frenchman enters the room that does not bear testimony to its peculiar excellence. But here's Guercino's sweet returning Prodigal, and here is a *Madonna disperata* bursting as from a cavern to embrace the body of her dead son and saviour.—Such a sky too ! But it is treating too theatrically a subject which impresses one more at last in the simple *Pietà* d'Annibale Carracci at Palazzo Doria.'

In the second volume are contained Observations and Reflections on Naples, from whence the travellers returned to Rome,

to Bologna, Padua, Venice, Verona, Parma, Milan : from thence they crossed the Alps on the side of Tyrol, to Trent, Inspruck, Munich, Saltzburg, and Vienna. From Vienna they went to Prague, to Dresden, to Berlin, and Potzdam ; Hanover, Brussels, Antwerp, and Lisle conclude the tour.

At Naples, Vesuvius, the king, and St. Januarius are the principal objects. The mountain is described with wonderful sublimity ; the king, with a free lively pencil ; and the Saint, *con amore* ; not that Mrs. Piozzi believes the idle tales of the saint's interference to turn away the burning tide, but that she has found in the ceremonies appropriated to this venerable personage, the remains of the rites instituted by Tatius, in honour of Janus. An hypothesis endears the subject ; but instead of the learned disquisitions on this system, we shall catch a spark from Vesuvius, and a trait or two from the slight sketch of his Neapolitan majesty :

‘ The weather was quiet then, and we had no notion of passing such a horrible night ; but an hour after dark, a storm came on, which was really dreadful to endure ; or even look upon : the blue lightning, whose colour shewed the nature of the original minerals from which she drew her existence, shone round us in a broad expanse from time to time, and sudden darkness followed in an instant : no object then but the fiery river could be seen, till another flash discovered the waves tossing and breaking, at a height I never saw before.’—

—‘ When in the silent night, however, one listens to its groaning ; while hollow sighs, as of gigantic sorrow, are often heard distinctly in my apartment ; nothing can surpass one's sensations of amazement, except the consciousness that custom will abate their keenness : I have not, however, yet learned to lie quiet, when columns of flames, high as the mountain's self, shoot from its crater into the clear atmosphere with a loud and violent noise ; nor shall I ever forget the scene it presented one day to my astonished eyes, while a thick cloud, charged heavily with electric matter, passing over, met the fiery explosion by mere chance, and went off in such a manner as effectually baffles all verbal description, and lasted too short a time for a painter to seize the moment, and imitate its very strange effect.’

We are sorry that we have room for no more : the king we shall next attend to :

‘ This prince lives among his subjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his bosom I believe. They know the worst of him is that he shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himself to it with his fingers, and rows against the waterman in the bay, till one of them burst out o'bleeding at the nose last week, with his uncourtly efforts to outdo the king, who won the trifling wager by this accident : conquered, laughed, and leaped on shore amidst the acclamations



tions of the populace, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he sent double the sum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindness. Mean time, while he resolves to be happy himself, he is equally determined to make no man miserable.'

The story of the lady, who lost her son in the earthquake of Calabria, is an admirable one: we never saw passion so feelingly, so tenderly portrayed. It is worth a whole volume: and, whatever might be its extent, we should have transcribed it, if the eager proveditores for public curiosity had not already anticipated us.

On the lady's return to Rome, she supplies us with information which had before escaped her, respecting the manners of the Romans and the objects of curiosity and antiquity. When pointing out the tame submission of those in middle life, and the insolence as well as insults of their superiors, she sarcastically remarks, that the Romans deserve to reign over the world once more, if to command is best learned from the practice of obedience. Let us select one other passage, descriptive of St. Peter's church and its objects:

'The figures of angels, or rather cherubims, eight feet high, which support the vases holding holy water, as they are made after the form of babies, do perfectly and closely represent infants of eighteen or twenty months old; nor till one comes quite close to them, indeed, is it possible to discern that they are colossal. This is brought by some as a proof of the exact proportions kept, and of the prodigious space occupied, by the area of this immense edifice; and urged by others, as a peculiarity of the *human* body to deceive so at a distance, most unjustly: for one is surprised exactly in the same manner by the doves, which ornament the church in various parts of it. *They* likewise appear of the natural size, and completely within one's reach upon entering the door, but soon as approached, recede to a considerable height, and prove their magnitude nicely proportioned to that of the angels and other decorations.

'The canopied altar, and its appurtenances, are likewise all colossal I think, when they tell me of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight of bronze brought from the Pantheon, and used to form the wreathed pillars which support, and the torques that adorn it. Yet airy lightness and exquisite elegance are the characteristics of the fabric, not gloomy greatness, or heavy solidity. How immense then must be the space it stands on! four hundred and sixty-seven of my steps carried me from the door to the end. Warwick castle would be contained in its middle *aisle*. Here are one hundred and twenty silver lamps, each larger than I could lift, constantly burning round the altar; and one never sees either of them, or the light they dispense, till forced upon the observation of them, so completely are they  
lost

lost in the general grandeur of the whole. In short, with a profusion of wealth that astonishes, and of splendour that dazzles, as soon as you enter on an examination of its secondary parts, every man's *first* impression at entering St. Peter's church, must be surprise at seeing it so clear of superfluous ornament. This is the true character of innate excellence, the *simplex munditiis*, or *freedom from decoration*: the noble simplicity to which no embellishment can add dignity, but seems a mere appendage.

The Latin phrase, which has so often tortured philologers is well translated; but, in a moment, this merit is obliterated by a gross error, in a similar attempt. Surely one of her learned friends should have told her that she has entirely mistaken the point and meaning of the lines in p. 113.

'Vendit Alexander claves, altaria Christum;  
Vendere jure potest:—emerat ille prius.'

'Our Alexander sells keys, altars, heaven;  
When law and right are sold, he'll buy—that's even.'

If it must be rendered in verse, we shall add the following, of which the chief merit is the closeness of the version:

'Keys, altars, Christ himself were sold,  
Justly the bishop thought:—  
No one can surely think him bold,  
To sell what first he bought.'

There are some other little errors in translations, but none very glaring, except the version which we have transcribed.

The short account of the Ambrosian Library and its contents, is interesting; but, in this returning tract, we do not meet many things very entertaining. The remarks are the gleanings of what we met with before, and we shall now turn for a little while to the tour through Germany.

The Tyrolese Alps are, our author tells us, less wild than those of Savoy; the river that runs between them is wide; and, as it affords a passage for floats, the ideas of commerce and of social life take from the horror of the scene. We find ourselves, in a moment, hurried into Germany, where vast and unwieldy magnificence holds the place which the lighter elegance and more corrected taste of Italy had formerly filled. Unfortunately Mrs. Piozzi's entertainment was received only by the eye; and, though she employs her eyes advantageously, and sometimes sees more than could have been expected in her hasty progress, yet we meet with nothing very interesting to record. The emperor is a great object in her picture; but his character was not yet lost by trifling inconsistencies, wild romantic attempts, ill supported by steadiness or resolution. The account of Metastasio contains nothing that we wish to transcribe: if he would not attain the German language,

guage, he at least was not discontented with the regular, invariably regular, routine, which we think a German only could have supported.

The account of Dresden is amusing, and the description of the library and the museum, we believe, in a great measure new. Berlin and Potsdam are described in our author's peculiar manner, for she sees circumstances and facts often in a new and generally in an ingenious light. She can remark of Tonson's *Cæsar*, which she saw at the king's library, that it was written by the first general in the world, dedicated to the second (the duke of Marlborough), and possessed by the third. We apprehend that she has well appreciated their respective merits, for we know some good military judges, who are of opinion, that Frederick's victories would neither have been so brilliant, nor so easy, had he been opposed to the duke of Marlborough. We smile to see that the duchess of Brunswick's coffin was made before she was married to the duke; at least, before she left England. Mrs. Piozzi's remarks on the pictures, which she saw in Germany, are, as usual, animated and judicious. On her return through Brussels and Antwerp her attention continues to be alive, and her spirits seem not to fail.

We have been thus led on by our sprightly author, who amuses, displeases us, and again recovers her former favour, with skill and address. Fastidious criticism (perhaps she may give this title to our remarks), may reject the work; but no person of taste and good humour can be long angry. Her volumes will be favourites, when criticism is no more.

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*Travels through the Interior Parts of America. In a Series of Letters. By an Officer. In Two Vols. 8vo. 14s. in Boards. Lane.*

**I**F any one should say, why do you tell again the old obsolete story at this time?—It is because you should be acquainted with, and sensible of the merits of each party. Such is the substance, and nearly the words of our author's motto. We were led by it to suspect that the truth would be revealed, difficulties removed, and the whole of the unfortunate expedition of general Burgoyne, for the author was an officer in the convention-army, placed in a true light. We are sorry to observe, that our expectations were almost entirely frustrated. From a careful comparison we can pronounce this work, in its most essential parts, to be an ill-digested plagiarism from general Burgoyne's Narrative, and from the Account of the Prosecution of Colonel Henley. He arraigns sir William Howe



Howe in the same manner as Mr. Galloway and a numerous herd of pamphleteers have already done ; and, when he speaks of that general's neglect in not attacking Washington at Valley Forge, he adopts the sentiments and expressions of the Pennsylvanian lawyer. The similarity of language in various parts of these volumes, to that which occurs in the works referred to, render us a little suspicious that the more material parts of these letters were not written on the spot. The views however are clear, instructive, and characteristic: for these we are certainly indebted to him, and they have much merit.

Justice has drawn a little reluctantly from us these remarks, for we own that we wished to have given a favourable verdict. If in his moments of leisure he had taken up the works we have mentioned, and added to, or elucidated them: if Burnaby, the American Farmer's Letters, and a few other works which appear familiar to him, had been quoted, instead of being transcribed, and any circumstance which occurred in confirmation of their remarks been supplied, however scanty the fare, we should have been pleased with it. But we now walk on insecure ground, and, unless we examine more attentively than the objects before us seem to demand, we know not when to praise the author as a careful observer, or as an accurate copier. In the remarks which lie before us, our recollection has supplied us in a great degree ; but we wish to turn from this unpleasing task ; to step over the path again which our author really trod, and to glean from his collections, what in the former harvest had been omitted. Mr. Anbury is a pleasing narrator, but his reflections are not alway politically deep, or philosophically just.

We arrive with him in the Gulf of the river St. Lawrence, and we examine after him a little more closely, and with more entertainment than in the voyage of any other traveller, this famous river. We omit the little accounts of the voyage, and the difficulty which the author feels at accounting for the number of cod on the banks of Newfoundland, a fact that has been very often explained ; as well as the philosophical account of the formation of those banks, which in reality owe their origin to the Gulf-stream, and their inhabitants to the proper nidus they afford for the spawn. Of Quebec our author's account is not so brilliant and so flattering as that of Mrs. Brooks in Emily Montague ; but the devastations of the siege were not then, we find, repaired. The country round is passed over cursorily ; but the Canadian seigneurs appear to be imperious, illiterate, and ignorant. General Carlton, by his attention to conciliate the affections of the inhabitants, has rendered their conduct insolent and oppressive ; but as the

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cause of this peculiar regard is at an end, we have no doubt but that it is now regulated on a more general and more impartial foundation. The author's declamation in praise of a savage, in comparison of a civilised life, is too much in the manner of Rousseau to please a less enthusiastic enquirer. It is with more satisfaction, because we have ample reason to believe it just, that we wish to transcribe his character of general Burgoyne.

‘ I have been this afternoon upon the ramparts, to see the Apollo frigate drop down, in which general Burgoyne sails for England; who, I am persuaded, has the sincere and ardent wishes of all ranks in the army, for his safety and happy arrival. The general joins to the dignity of office, and strict attention to military discipline, that consideration, humanity, and mildness of manners, which must ever endear him to all who have the happiness to be under his command; for my own part, I shall pray with Shakspeare, “ that the winds of all the corners may kiss the sails, and make his vessel prosperous.”

Even after the unfortunate event of the expedition, and in the subsequent events, the language is the same: we shall add a short specimen.

‘ General Burgoyne has done every thing in this convention for the good of the troops, consistent with the service of his king and country: all that wisdom, valour, and a strict sense of honour could suggest. Confident, no doubt, of having exerted himself with indefatigable spirit in their service, he will despise popular clamour, truly sensible that no perfect and unbiassed judge of actual service can condemn him. Addison has somewhere observed,

“ ’Tis not in mortals to command success!”

‘ And as the populace, in this versatile age startle at untoward events, so our general is liable to be exposed to public censure. Ample justice must raise him in the mind of every liberal man who will judge with caution, acquit him with honour, and take him to his heart as the soldier's friend—as a man of cool judgment, but ardent for glory—as courageous, but unfortunate!’

Every part of the following relation is so vague and so uncertain, that it seems not to deserve much attention; yet we bring it forward, as it seems connected with what we have observed in our review of the late voyages of capt. Dixon and capt. Portlock.

‘ It having been hinted that a reward would be given to him who should discover a north-west passage, or whether the continent joins to India, two suppositions much credited by the Europeans in general; several of the traders have endeavoured to find which is the true one: as there is every year some fresh dis-

discovery made, there remains but little doubt that in some future time it will be effected. I believe the farthest that any of them have yet reached was a Mr. Henry, who is reported to have travelled for ten days upon a large plain, on which grew only a rank grass, nearly as high as a man's breast, and on this plain he frequently met with immense droves of buffaloes, and observed the tracks of several others; that on the eleventh day he came to a vast river, which stopped his progress, as he did not chuse to venture crossing in a canoe; that the water was quite salt, and run extremely rapid, from which circumstance he concluded there must be a north-west passage.'

Of the observations in natural history we can give no very advantageous account: they are often trite, and almost always copied; besides, that an affectation of sensibility and refinement, as in the account of the conjugal happiness of the beaver, show that the author too often depends on his imagination to eke out his description. What Mr. Anbury saw he describes, we believe, faithfully, and often pleasingly. The following description includes more than one circumstance not generally known.

'Having proceeded thus far up the lake (Champlain), I am enabled to give you some account of it, especially as we have passed the broadest part. There are many small islands dispersed in different parts, and where it is widest, you are not able to discern the opposite shore; there are several plantations on each side, but they are more numerous on the south, the north side being lofty rocky mountains. It abounds with great quantities and variety of fish; sturgeon, black bass, masquenongez, pike of an incredible size, and many others, among which is a cat-fish, which is about eighteen inches long, of a brownish cast, without scales, having a large round head, resembling that of a cat's, from which it derives its name; they have on their heads protuberances similar to the horns of a snail, and like them can elevate and depress them at pleasure, and when fully extended, are about two inches long; if in liberating one of these fish from the hook, it strikes you with one of its horns, it leaves an unaccountable and unpleasant sensation on the part affected for two or three days. Its fins are very bony and strong, like those of a perch, it commonly weighs about five or six pounds; the flesh is fat and luscious, greatly resembling the flavour of an eel.

'There are at this season of the year prodigious flights of pigeons crossing the lake, of a most beautiful plumage, and in astonishing quantities.

'These are most excellent eating, and that you may form some idea as to their number, at one of our encampments, the men for one day wholly subsisted on them; fatigued with their flight in crossing the lake, they alight upon the first branch they



they can reach to, many are so weary as to drop in the water, and are easily caught; those that alight upon a bough being unable to fly again, the soldiers knock down with long poles.

During the flights of these pigeons, which cross this lake into Canada, and are continually flying about in large flocks, the Canadians find great amusement in shooting them, which they do after a very singular manner: in the day-time they go into the woods, and make ladders by the side of the tall pines, which the pigeons roost on, and when it is dark they creep softly under and fire up this ladder, killing them in great abundance; they then strike a light, and firing a knot of the pitch-pine, pick up those they have killed, and the wounded ones that are unable to fly.—During the flights of these pigeons, which generally lasts three weeks or a month, the lower sort of Canadians mostly subsist on them.

In sailing up the lake the trees seemed to stand in the water; for the underwood was no longer seen, a phenomenon which Mr. Anbury cannot account for. It is connected, we think, with the very common remark, that at sea the mast of a ship is first seen; and this phenomenon has been explained from the convexity of the earth, perhaps without sufficient reflection: yet it is not easy to attribute it to any other source, though there is little doubt, from calculating the degree of curvature at that distance, at most three leagues, that some other cause must exist. We may however add, that the description of the expedition over the lakes appeared to us the most entertaining, and is undoubtedly the most original part of the whole work.

In the second volume our author's guides seem to have been chiefly Burnaby and the American Farmer; but he must have seen many scenes of the kind which he describes. The distressed of the convention-army, except from the rash violence of col. Henley, seem not to have been great till they arrived at Charlotteville, where they undoubtedly suffered from the insecurity of their habitations to guard against cold, occasionally from the damaged and condemned provisions of the congress-army, the only provisions for a time allotted them, from the sparing supply of their food, and afterwards from their removal. The back woodsmen seem scarcely to be removed from the state of brutes, and differ little from them, except in having more malignity, more suspicion, and less tenderness. Their personal combats are such as among brutes, in their most furious rage, are never seen.

In this volume we may remark, that our author's account of the growth of the cotton plant is in a great part new and instructive. The Dunkers, which he calls Dump-  
lers, but the work is in general carelessly written or printed,  
were

were well known. The Moravians are described more particularly than in former authors. The description of Bland and his dragoons is truly humorous, and can only be equalled by the most exaggerated caricature of the trained bands. The story of Watson is very interesting; but the account of the Negroes is painted with a gloomy pencil. Yet, amidst all their misery, they are said to be fat and chearful: we may now add, that slavery is abolished, if the resolutions of Congress have any effect, particularly among the brutish back woodsmen.

It is in the second volume also that the author's political reflections are chiefly found. In these, we think, he is often inconsistent with himself, and with the circumstances with which he must have been acquainted. Let us select a specimen of his abilities in this department.

‘ If general Howe had his reasons for not proceeding up the North River, and wished to strike terror into some of the provinces, I think there were none he could so well have directed that terror against, as those of New England; for by a diversion on the coast of Massachusetts many benefits would have resulted: it would have kept the New Englanders at home for the internal defence of their own provinces, and impeded the levies for the continental army. Such a diversion would have been a co-operation with our army, and no doubt have prevented the misfortunes that have befallen it, the principal part of the army under general Gates being composed of the militia of the New England provinces, who must have been drawn down to the defence of the cities upon that coast, in which case our army could not have failed to overcome every possible difficulty, and have effected a junction with the detachment that was sent up the North River, under the command of sir Henry Clinton, from which detachment it certainly was obvious, that the object of the two armies were the same, that of forming a junction.

‘ Certainly then it behoved general Howe to see so large and important a reinforcement as our army would have been to his, in a state of perfect security at least, before he carried his so far to the southward, as to deprive him of the power of support. That our army was to be considered as no other than a reinforcement to general Howe's, is evident from the very orders given out by general Carleton, at the opening of the campaign, stating, “ That his majesty had ordered him to detach general Burgoyne with certain troops, who was to proceed with all possible expedition to join general Howe, and put himself under his command;” at the same time adding this powerful reason, “ with a view of quelling the rebellion it is become highly necessary, that the most speedy junction of the two armies should be effected.”

‘ By the junction of the two armies, we should have been in possession of the North River, from New York to Albany, which divides the northern from the southern provinces. General Washington would in that case have been totally deprived of the great supplies of men and provisions from the New England states; and the British army would have been enabled to make excursions into either provinces, as occasion might serve: the main part of the army might have kept Washington at bay, while a few redoubts, with the assistance of our shipping, would have preserved the entire possession of the river.’

It may be fairly asked, in case the diversion which the author mentions had taken place, what were to have become of the immense bodies of militia, which the New Englanders are said in the preceding paragraph to furnish, and of that army, which, in page 46, he says these states can raise in a few days? It certainly was designed that the two armies should have joined; but not in their whole extent: the army that was to have co-operated with general Burgoyne was that which sir Henry Clinton could have detached after he had been reinforced. The happy combination of military science and courage, which this general displayed in his successful attack on the forts in the North River, is well known; and had his reinforcements arrived in time to have made it earlier, the consequences would probably have been most fortunate. This is general Burgoyne’s own opinion in his Narrative, p. 25. and in some measure confirmed by Mr. Anbury in his 34th page. It is observable, that general Burgoyne makes this declaration after the failure of the siege of Fort Stanwix, and the check at Bennington. In military transactions, the language of the public is for bold and vigorous exertions: the very expression implies hazard to obtain an advantage adequate to the adventure. On this ground it was a sufficient object to the northern army to force its way to Albany, while that under sir William Howe employed the main force of the enemy, under Washington, at a distance; and had both these armies been as successful as might have been expected, sir William Howe’s plan would probably not have failed (page 21 of his Narrative). To follow our author in his political doublings is unnecessary: the principal answer is in the 19th page of sir William Howe’s Narrative. If we examine the comparative numbers of each army, and the necessary defences, our author’s reasoning is still more untenable.

Those who are unacquainted with former travellers in America, and the eventful history of the convention-army, will find much amusement in these volumes. We need not add to what we have said, except that we wish the author more success in his future attempts.

*The*



*The Life of Thomas Chatterton, with Criticisms on his Genius and Writings, and a concise View of the Controversy concerning Rowley's Poems. By G. Gregory, D. D. F. A. S. 8vo. 5s. sewed. Kearsley.*

IT is with some regret that we turn to this barren, this unprofitable controversy, a regret heightened by Dr. Gregory's conduct, which we think in many respects uncandid and unfair. This Life is designed for the fourth volume of the *Biographia Britannica*; but in a great work, of which the nation may in general boast, the utmost care should be employed to guard against misrepresentations; or at least that minute and particular criticism which is challenged by a separate publication. If 'a separate edition was to appear only for the accommodation and satisfaction of a few friends,' why was the work advertised with a sedulity which seems to show that the author expected some fame, and perhaps some reward of more solid importance?

Chatterton's Life is detailed with some care; but the fondness of the child for an illuminated initial, or rather a glaring picture, is considered as the early appearance of the bent of his genius; and his learning to read from a black letter testament, as the cause of 'his peculiar attachment to antiquities.' If learning be a task and a painful labour, it is more probable that the effect would have been a very different one. Another curious deduction of our author is, that as Chatterton mentions the names of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, in his short satirical poem styled *Apostate Will*, he was acquainted with their works. We are a little surprised that our author had not there added his grave reflection, which he has annexed to Chatterton's 'Remarks on the Awefulness of the Ceremony of Confirmation, and his own Feelings preparatory to it'—'Happy had it been for him if these sentiments, so congenial to the amiable dispositions of youth, had continued to influence his conduct during his maturer years.'

Perhaps the reader of this paragraph would not at first suspect that it is the object of Dr. Gregory, in the work before us, to defend the propriety of his conduct *in general*, during his maturer years. Indeed this error is not of peculiar importance, for Dr. Gregory occasionally styles Chatterton's deism by the indiscriminate term of infidelity, and does not always distinguish his free-thinking from his regular conduct. But we must mix our portion of blame with praise; and we shall transcribe the following passage as a proof of good sense, just remarks, and proper distinctions. We are sorry that they are not always kept in view.

'Infidelity, or scepticism at least, may be termed the disease of young, lively, and half-informed minds. There is

something like discovery in the rejection of truths to which they have been from infancy in trammels. A little learning, too, misleads the understanding, in an opinion of its own powers. When we have acquired the outlines of science, we are apt to suppose that every thing is within our comprehension. Much study and much information are required to discover the difficulties in which the systems of infidels are involved. There are profound, as well as popular arguments, in favour of revealed religion; but when the flippancy of Voltaire or Hume has taught young persons to suppose that they have defeated the former, their understandings seldom recover sufficient vigour to pursue the latter with the ability and perseverance of a Newton or a Bryant.

‘The evil effect of these principles upon the morals of youth, is often found to survive the speculative impressions which they have made on the intellect. Wretched is that person, who, in the ardour and impetuosity of youth, finds himself released from all the salutary restraints of duty and religion; wretched is he, who, deprived of all the comforting hopes of another state, is reduced to seek for happiness in the vicious gratifications of this life; who, under such delusions, acquires habits of profligacy or discontent! The progress, however, from speculative to practical irreligion, is not so rapid as is commonly supposed. The greatest advantage of a strict and orderly education is the resistance which virtuous habits, early acquired, oppose to the allurements of vice. Those who have sullied the youth of Chatterton with the imputation of extraordinary vices or irregularities, and have asserted, that “his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities,” have, I conceive, rather grounded these assertions on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions than on personal knowledge or a correct review of his conduct. During his residence at Bristol, we have the most respectable evidence in favour of the regularity of his conduct, namely, that of his master, Mr. Lambert. Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour, and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours of leisure in any but respectable company.’

In the course of the narrative, Dr. Gregory leans strongly, *we think*, to the side of Chatterton not being the author of the works attributed to Rowley. He points out that Chatterton could not disguise his hand, in an anonymous letter sent to his master, Mr. Lambert, but of which Chatterton was never proved to be the author. He does not, however, till he is obliged to do it in summing up the evidence, mention his being in the habit of blackening parchments: he does not, as he ought to

to have done, shown that the poems first produced were, of all, the most modern, and some confessedly his own.

In his view of the evidence, he quotes very frequently the Monthly Review; and, though we could boast, if necessary, of *our* account of the controversy, the remarks in our Journal are copied, without any acknowledgment. They may perhaps have occurred elsewhere; for, if Dr. Gregory had honoured us with his notice, he would have found some observations, at least as decidedly in favour of Chatterton's claim as any that occur in any work. But what is more to our present purpose, he would have found opportunities of correcting some errors. If Chatterton poisoned himself, it was as much from disappointed ambition as from indigence, as we have mentioned and could prove; and the drawing of the statue of Beckford was, we formerly observed, the work of Mr. Taylor. The verses now first printed as new, the author ought to have known were published some years since, in an engraved fac simile of Chatterton's hand-writing; and he might have known also, that the *Consiliad* was not the production of this premature and unfortunate genius. Many other little errors we had marked, which it is of no use to enlarge on: we shall only hint, that before he had drawn the name of a Reviewer into public notice, he ought at least to have been ascertained that the articles in question were really Mr. Badcock's, or at least exclusively his.

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*Remarks on the Coinage of England, from the earliest to the present Times, to which is added an Appendix, containing Observations on the Ancient Coinage, &c. By Walter Merrey. 8vo. 2s. Longman.*

THIS little work, the production of a sensible intelligent man, is printed very inaccurately, and perhaps the author may be more fit to instruct us, by new ideas, than to entertain us in flowing periods. His object is to show the causes of the present scarcity of silver for change. In reality, we have very little, unless it be light; for, of the shillings usually current, about eight in ten are counterfeit, independent of those formed of base metal, with a very small proportion of silver: what we mean by counterfeits, are shillings formed of good silver, but deficient in weight more than one third, which have never issued from the Mint. Our crowns and half crowns we retain only because they are light, though seemingly fair and little worn. Much of this scarcity is undoubtedly owing to the exports of the East India company; but these, we trust, are at an end, since more European goods are sent to China, and the deficiency nearly made up from Bengal. We may just mention, that the anta-



gonists of the commutation act have never taken the question in this view: the money exported was more because the foreign merchant had his profit: but the money taken by the smuggler was gold, and it was very frequently light gold.

Mr. Merrey gives a pretty accurate history of the coinage; and, in tracing the effects of the different and proportional prices of the more precious metals, he finds, that the scarcity of silver, for obvious reasons, has been always the consequence of the too high price of gold.

‘It may seem odd to some of my readers, especially if he be a farmer, that a flow of money of one kind should make the other rise, he will be ready to argue, that if the quantity of oats in the nation was to be doubled in a week, by importation, the price must fall, but it could not raise the price of wheat; nay, on the contrary, it would have a tendency to lower it. But will the farmer give me as much wheat for a *last* of my oats as he would before the price of my oats fell? If not, the proportion is altered; and then it makes no difference whether we say that oats fell, or wheat rose; more of the oats must go for every thing that I want, or in other words, more silver must go to purchase either gold or food; and the event proved it to be so; for in those times the price of every necessary of life rose; which in other words is saying, that silver fell, or if you please, the wheat or the gold rose; but though more silver was required for gold, yet more gold was required for food, and labour than had usually been paid, so that the owner of a small share of gold did not gain all the advance of its price.’

Indeed our author shows clearly, that if silver be coined at the old standard, it will be sent away, unless gold be lowered. Perhaps the last attempt would be dangerous; and, as silver is chiefly adapted to internal commerce, it might be better to lower its standard: at all events, a new coinage of silver is absolutely necessary for the conveniencies of the manufacturer and his labourer. Mr. Merrey’s observations on the necessity of keeping guineas at their full weight, and the methods which he proposes for that purpose, are very judicious and solid. The Appendix relates to the Roman coins, as well as some medals found at Nottingham; and, on these subjects, our author shows that he possesses no inconsiderable acquaintance with ancient coins.

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*Matilda, an Original Poem, in Seven Cantos. By Mr. Best.*  
4to. 2s. 6d. Stalker.

**T**HOUGH the Poem, as the title affirms, is original, the subject is very trite. The author opens it with an invocation to Fancy to assist him in relating a story, the reality of which,

which, its more tragical parts sometimes excepted, observation constantly offers to our view. Its counterpart is to be found, we fear, during the period of a few revolving years, within the precincts of most parishes in his majesty's dominions. The triteness of a story is indeed often more than compensated for by the mode of telling it; but this idea, we fear, will not be suggested to the reader's mind by the perusal of that contained in the following poem. The first canto has no connection with it, and the second begins with unfolding its moral, and introducing the heroine to our acquaintance:

' To warn the fair against insidious *snares*,  
Expose the stratagems of their *betray'rs*;  
When virtue's lost what dire misfortunes rise  
To place in strongest light before their eyes,  
I strike the lyre' —  
— ' Remote from cities, fair Matilda smil'd,  
A virtuous, much lov'd, and only child;  
From infancy her tender thoughts were train'd  
In wisdom's rules, and by those rules restrain'd.'

We shall pass over the high encomiums paid to this lady and her father Anselmo, who preferred retirement to the 'gilded scenes of life,' and proceed to the third canto, which informs us, that in the neighbourhood dwelt a gentleman of an illustrious family, called Castalio, lately returned from Italy:

' And there had gain'd that ease, that sweet address,  
Which ever will the cultur'd mind impress,  
Which ever must o'er pedantry prevail,  
Tho' it may thunder classics thick as hail:  
And our all-wise Creator sure design'd  
We should our manners form as well as mind,  
Or he to us had not a person giv'n  
Just like his own, and all the saints in heav'n!'

To improve our manners, like Castalio, would not surely tend to heighten the resemblance! Anselmo, perceiving that he had gained his daughter's affections,

— ' Every effort try'd  
Matilda's ill-plac'd passion to deride.  
But tho' she e'er rever'd his sound advice,  
She now, alas! did not regard his voice:  
'Twas needless all—he could not move her mind,  
Now dead to all but love, to reason blind.'

There is nothing but what is extremely common in all this: it somewhat militates however against Matilda's character for virtue and wisdom, which is drawn out at some length in the second canto: particularly as we find that she often,

—— ‘To ease her love-sick soul,  
Unknown amidst Castalio’s ground would stroll.’

In the next canto she is caught by Castalio in one of these excursions. He assures her that he is deeply enamoured of her charms: entreats her to

‘Leave, for a while, a rigid father’s care,  
And to the fashionable world repair;  
With me this night, my love, consent to fly,  
Where London’s turrets strike th’ astonish’d eye,  
I’ll be thy kind protector, friend, and guide,  
And my Matilda make Castalio’s bride.’

Matilda consents to the proposal, and desires him, which doubtless she had great reason to expect, to

‘Be strict to honour, and to virtue just.’

Anselmo perceives her to be particularly agitated on her return, and ascribes it to the emotions of ‘ill-fated love.’ He gives her some good advice, but, as usual in such situations, to very little purpose. The opening of the fifth canto, (we do not give it as a correct passage, though the author appears to more than common advantage), contains some original thoughts and poetical imagery:

‘Now the pale moon uprose in clouded robe,  
And cast uncertain light upon the globe;  
Thro’ vapours dense she floated soft away,  
Now shone with bright, and now with blunted ray;  
The Fairies, Gnomes, and Sylphs (a pigmy band),  
In dance and frolic tripp’d it hand in hand;  
With grace they gambol’d on the silver’d green,  
Attended by their beauteous, sprightly queen.  
The tides now influenc’d by her ruling pow’r,  
O’erwhelm’d the meads, and crush’d the springing flow’r,  
Chain’d on his bed of straw the madman fell,  
Soon as he view’d her, gave an hideous yell;  
The dismal cry increas’d each maniac’s fears,  
Then follow’d groans, and shrieks, and floods of tears.’

Anselmo is informed of his daughter’s and Castalio’s flight, and pursues them:

‘But now, alas! he ill fatigue could bear,  
For time had silver’d o’er his scanty hair;  
A raging fever therefore seiz’d his frame,  
Before he could the capital attain.’

This fever puts a period to his sufferings, and his address to the Almighty concludes the fifth canto. The sixth informs us, but we needed not a ghost to tell us this, that



‘ At an unlucky moment (pain to tell !)  
The hapless maid, to virtue bade farewell !’

Reflection and remorse follow : she urges Castalio to marry her according to his promise, which he evades. She hears of her father’s death, and in the utmost agony renews her solicitations : he assures her that within three days he will make her his wife, and she believes him.

The last canto opens with a description of her joy at the dawn of the promised day—but no Castalio arrives. A rude servant of his appears on the following one, and orders her and her female attendant to comply with his master’s injunctions, and quit the house. She determines to follow him to his country retirement, and ‘ plunge a dagger in the traitor’s heart.’ She is taken ill on her journey, seats herself on a ‘ time-worn bench’ in a church-yard, and hears her father’s voice issuing from a tomb, where we may suppose him to have been buried. He assures her of his forgiveness, and advises her by penitence to reconcile herself to heaven. She dies, and with her last breath forgives Castalio ; but the poet tells us,

‘ Tho’ vengeance moves but *slow*, it *soon* o’ertakes  
The villain who the bounds of virtue breaks.’

The tale appears to us as inartificially conducted, as it is common. The lady yields so easily to seduction, that she is scarcely an object of compassion. Its poetical merit may be estimated from the extracts we have given.

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*The Harp. A Legendary Tale. In Two Parts. 4to. 1s. 6d.*  
Johnfon.

‘ **S**TILL’D is the tempest’s blust’ring roar ;  
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea :—  
But who on Kilda’s dismal shore  
Cries—“ Have I burnt my harp for thee !”

In this abrupt, but not inartificial manner, the poem, into the spirit of which we immediately enter, opens. ‘ I’ll never burn my harp for a woman,’ is a proverbial phrase in the Hebrides, and tradition attributes it to Col, a celebrated bard of the Isle of Bara. His mistress, Mora, admired his musical talents, but disliked him as a lover. At length, censured by her friends, and pressed by her relations, she tells him,

‘ Too long, O Col ! in plaintive moan  
Thou’st strung thy Harp to strains divine ;—  
Add but two strings of varied tone  
This heart,—this yielding heart is thine.

‘ Two

- Two strings the youth with anxious care,  
Half doubtful to his Harp applies;  
And oft in vain, he turns each air,  
And oft each varying note he tries;
- At length, (unrival'd in his art!)  
With new-born sounds the valley rings;  
Col claims his Mora's promis'd heart,  
As deep he strikes the varied strings!

At the conclusion of 'three honied moons' they embark in a skiff to visit her parents in a neighbouring isle. A storm arises, and they are cast away on the coast of Kilda. 'He saves his love and favourite harp' with difficulty, and conveys them to a cave by the sea side: is in agonies at perceiving her pale and speechless:

- "No roof its friendly smoke displays!—  
No storm-scap'd plank, nor turf, nor tree!—  
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,  
And warm my love to life and me!
- "Dark grows the night!—and cold and sharp  
Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain!—  
Nought else remains—I'll burn my Harp!"  
He cries, and breaks his Harp in twain.'

In consequence of this sacrifice a fire is kindled, Mora revives, and they talk cheerfully of their past dangers. They are alarmed at hearing the voice of a person in distress: Col determines to defend his Mora: a wretched object approaches, who had like them suffered shipwreck. — This stranger had long been the lover of Mora, and was secretly beloved by her; but family feuds had prevented their union, and on hearing of her marriage he had wandered in despair from one solitary isle to another. The poem thus concludes, with their treacherous requital of the bard's benevolence:

- Ah! little thought he while he strove  
'Gainst whelming wave and rocky shore,  
Yon light would guide him to his love,  
For whom these ceaseless ills he bore!
- "Why starts the youth?—approach—draw near;  
Behold the wreck of storm and wave!—  
'Tis all that's left!—my Harp so dear  
I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!"
- A glance from Mora's speaking eye,  
Half calm'd the fond youth's labouring breast.—  
The tale goes round—the bleak winds sigh,  
And Col mistrustless sinks to rest,

• Ah!

' Ah ! how could cold distrust possess  
A breast so gen'rous, kind, and true !  
A heart still melting to distress,  
To love—false fair one ! and to—you.—  
' The morn arose with aspect drear,  
The waves still dash with sulien roar.—  
Col starts from rest—no Mora's near,  
The treach'rous pair are far from shore !  
' From Kilda's cliff, that towers on high,  
He spies the white sail far at sea ;  
And while the big tear fills each eye,  
Cries—" *Have I burn'd my Harp for thee !*"  
' O most ungrateful of thy kind !  
And most unjust to love and me !—  
O woman ! woman ! light as wind,  
I'll ne'er burn Harp again for thee !'

The poem would possibly have concluded with more spirit had the last four lines been omitted ; we cannot however object to them, as they contain the proverbial expression on which the tale is founded. A ' blasted tree ' should not have been mentioned in the second stanza of the first book, because Col was obliged to burn his harp on account of his finding ' no shrub, no storm-scap'd plank, nor turf, nor tree.' Nor is it clear in what vessel the lover and Mora escaped from Kilda : both his and Col's appear to have been destroyed by the violence of the storm. Little objection however can be made to this interesting tale, the imagery of which is truly appropriate, and the whole marked by a characteristic simplicity suitable to the subject.

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*The Female Parliament; or, the Regency considered.* By Theophilus Swift, Esq. 4to. 2s. Debrett.

FROM the title we expected some allusion to the politics of the present day : but we found ourselves, at once, and we were not displeased at the disappointment, not among the grey-bearded statesmen in the court of a terrestrial monarch, but with the Graces and Muses in that of Cytherea. The goddess however, according to Mr. Swift, begins to feel the infirmities of age. She informs her audience, that having reigned six thousand long years over the hearts of men,

' Old, wrinkled, no longer I'm toasted divine,  
My roses decay, and my lillies decline.'

She therefore requests that a successor be appointed to establish her throne, and maintain her prerogatives. Several of the Muses urge their different claims, but without effect, for the  
Goddeſs



Goddeſs aſſerts her fixed determination to have a mortal deputed as her regent. Many of our fair country-women are introduced as candidates for this honourable poſt; but though the higheſt \* panegyrick is beſtowed on each of them, the concluſion conſtantly is, that all theſe ſuperabundantly amiable qualities will not entitle her 'to the chair.' Whether from a conſciouſneſs of having exhausted all his ſtores of praiſe, and encomiaſtic abilities, and, like the painter who threw a veil over the father's diſtreſs, deſpairing to heighten the lines of grief in his countenance, which he had ſo ſtrongly depicted in thoſe of others, we know not: but ſo it is, our author is ſilent in reſpect to the heroine of his tale, and we are left entirely to our own fancy to form an idea of the appointed Regent. Her name is not given, nor any mental quality or perſonal attraction deſcribed: with the following vague panegyric the poem ends:

'For ſee what new glories diſtinguiſh the day,  
Like Aurora ſhe comes, and her rivals give way;  
The Regent approaches' —————

This ſurely is an *hiatus valde deſtendus*. At the moment we wiſhed to be acquainted with her,

'[At this inſtant Hygeia, the Goddeſs of Health, being ſent by Jupiter, ſuddenly entered the ſenate; and interrupting their proceedings, moved an adjournment.]'

Nothing ſurely could be more *mal a propos* than this meſſage of Jupiter; but ſo ends this performance, which is a mixture of bombaſt and genuine poetry, of claſſical images and modern manners, and which is conducted in ſo eccentric a manner, that we ſcarcely know whether moſt to censure or approve. How far the copies reſemble the originals in the two following portraits, let thoſe who beſt know them determine; the drapery is certainly in general both ſplendid and elegant:

'Now waving the ſilk of her locks to the breeze,  
Luxuriant as bloſſoms that whiten the trees,  
The graceful T-rc-nn-l ſtood forth in the ring,  
T-rc-nn-l, the daughter of Beauty and Spring.  
Health warm'd her fair cheek; and that cheek to adorn,  
Her pencil ſhe dipp'd in the bluſh of the morn.  
'Twas Nature's fine touch; 'twas the glow of the May,  
'Twas the bloſſom that drinks the rich dyes of the day.  
Yet fair as the lilly of ſilver is ſeen,  
The light of her beauty illumin'd the green.

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\* We ſcarcely, however, know what to ſay to the following odd kind of compliment:

'What Virtue is that? what new Grace from the ſky?  
'Tis M<sup>l</sup>b<sup>o</sup>ne, the nymph with the wicked, wild eye.'

Love

Love dimpled the smiles that rejoic'd in her face,  
And her sweet little form was the work of a Grace.  
In lustre she gains what she loses in size ;—  
Tho' the diamond is prais'd, 'tis the brilliant we prize.  
The grace of the column, perspectively true,  
Delights us the most, when it lessens to view ;  
And the magical wand, tho' so slender and small,  
Enchants with strong power, and astonishes all.  
But vainly, T-re-nn-l, thy graces we praise,  
And magic in vain to dominion shall raise.

' Like the star of the morn, as she mov'd to the throne,  
Supreme o'er the rest, in bright dignity shone  
The beauty of S-cl-r, that broke thro' the crowd ;  
As Light's early daughter peeps over a cloud.  
Like Cynthia she tower'd, when she moves in the chace,  
In stature the same, as her equal in grace.  
High rose her fair brow ;—on that temple of love  
Persuasion sat perch'd in the form of a dove.  
Joy lighted her smile ; and to purple her lips,  
In Beauty's red nectar a rose-bud he dips ;  
Love breath'd on the leaves, that reviv'd at his kiss,  
Delighting the world with a summer of bliss :  
And fair shew'd her teeth, as the blossoms appear  
Of the pure double snowdrop, that spangles the year.  
See the soft flowing locks of her fine flaxen hair,  
How graceful they wave to the fond wooing air !  
But vain flow the locks of her fine flaxen hair,  
And vain are their nets to insure her the chair.'

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*Letters on the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau. To which are added, A Letter from the Countess Alexandre de Vassy to the Baroness de Stael, with the Baroness's Answer, and an Account of the last Moments of Rousseau. By Mademoiselle Necker, Baroness de Stael. Translated from the French. Small 8vo. 3s. sewed. Robinsons.*

VOLUMES have been written on the character and genius of the contemplative and philosophic Rousseau, to whom we owe reveries and fancies in abundance, sophisms and paradoxes without number ; but who often teaches with the pen of philosophy the sublimer duties of religion and virtue ; who captivates with a style at once forcible and elegant, who draws away, on some occasions, the judgment by the aid of the imagination. Where is the person who has not found himself persuaded by a chain of the most beautiful and apparently solid reasoning, when the position must in a moment startle and disgust his cooler reason ? Yet we cannot always call Rousseau the model of a religious philosopher, or recommend his works as the lessons of virtue ; carried away by his own illusions, he has not perceived



perceived the poison which they frequently contain; trusting to the moral, which often operates faintly, and many will not attend to, he has allowed himself to relate facts and describe scenes, which the vicious only will regard, and, under the auspices of virtue, may undermine and fascinate even the best resolutions. His works, merely philosophical, can do no great injury: though our author loves humanity, man, in society, is his aversion; yet his reasoning, we believe, never drove any one to the banks of the Mississippi or the Ohio. The angle of the conflux of these mighty rivers might furnish an admirable retreat for a philosopher of this kind; and, in a series of ages, it will perhaps afford the site of the first commercial city in the universe. But to return.

The baroness seems to admire Rousseau; and, though not blind to his singularities and his illusions, seems occasionally inclined to admire and defend even his failings. She delineates Rousseau's character from his works: we shall begin with it. In his confessions this lady thinks that he drew from himself; that, conscious of his own goodness, he was not afraid of describing his faults, or that, in reality, to him they did not seem faults.

‘Rousseau must have had a figure not remarkable on a transient view, but which could never be forgotten when once he had been observed speaking. He had little eyes which had no expression of themselves, but successively received that of the different impulsions of the mind. His eyebrows were very prominent, and seemed proper to serve his moroseness, and hide him from the sight of men. His head was for the most part hung down, but it was neither flattery nor fear that had lowered it; meditation and melancholy had weighed it down like a flower bent by the storm or its own weight. When he was silent, his physiognomy had no expression; neither his thoughts nor affections were apparent in his visage, except when he took part in conversation; but the moment he ceased speaking, they retired to the bottom of his heart. His features were common; but when he spoke they all acquired the greatest animation. He resembled the gods which Ovid describes to us, sometimes quitting by degrees their terrestrial disguise, and at length discovering themselves by the brilliant rays emanating from their countenance.’

His mind was slow, and his opinions were the result of reflection rather than quick impressions: his genius was creative when left to operate without impediment or controul, and this habit of reflection, with a prepossession that all mankind was combined against him, gave that sable hue to all his opinions, and all his actions. ‘Trifles light as air, were to him confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.’ Our author is of opinion, page 102, that imagination was his greatest faculty, and ab-

sorbed



forbed all the rest: she adds, in the page next but one, that, though Rousseau was not a madman, 'one of his faculties, his imagination, was insane:' again, in page 116, she observes, that 'he could be passionately fond of nothing but illusions.' All these confessions amount, we think, very nearly to insanity. The baroness seems to believe that his death was a voluntary one; and, though she is contradicted by the countess de Vassy, who was near Ermonville, and had consequently the best information, the observations, joined to Rousseau's disposition, render the supposition very probable. If we were to give a short character of Rousseau, we should say, that he possessed every excellent quality of the mind except judgment; that his perception and his imagination were acute and vivid; his reflections close and pointed. So far as these went he was supreme; but these qualities, without strong judgment, would lead to paradoxes, to fancies, to sophistry, perhaps to suicide. Add to all, a morbid constitutional melancholy, which clothed every thing in a gloomy veil, and we shall find a Rousseau, in the world, querulous, impatient, petulant, and captious; yet, left to himself, brilliant, inventive, interesting, instructive.

The remarks on Rousseau's different works, form a kind of continued commentary. We have already given the baroness's opinion of the author and his productions. We shall consequently conclude our article with a specimen of the style of her criticisms, which is in general so animated and pleasing as to make her work very entertaining. The passage which we shall transcribe relates to the *New Heloise*; and the defence is a very ingenious one.

'He has described a woman married against her inclinations; having for her husband nothing but esteem, and bearing in her heart the remembrance of former happiness and love for another object; passing her whole life, not in that vortex of the great world, wherein a woman may forget her husband and lover, which permits not any thought or sentiment to reign, extinguishes all passion, and restores calm by confusion, and repose by agitation; but in absolute retirement, alone with M. de Wolmar, in the country, near to nature, and by nature disposed to all the sentiments of the heart which it either inspires or presents to the imagination. It is in this situation Rousseau has described to us Julia, creating to herself a felicity from virtue; happy by the happiness she confers upon her husband, and by the education she intends to give her children; happy by the effect of her example upon those about her, and in the consolation she finds in her confidence in God. This happiness is undoubtedly of another kind; it is more melancholy; it may be tasted of and tears still shed; but it is more proper for beings who are but transient upon the earth which they inhabit; after enjoyment is lost without regret; it is an habitual happiness which we entirely possess unabated either by fear or reflection;

tion; finally, it is one in which devout minds find all the delights love promises to others. It is this pure sentiment, described with so many charms, that renders the novel moral, and which would have made it more so than any other had Julia always presented us, not as the ancients have said, virtue struggling with misfortune, but with passion, still more terrible; and if this pure and unspotted virtue had not lost a part of its charm by resembling repentance.'—

\* \* \* \*

— ' Julia still remains to be justified in not having avowed her fault to M. Wolmar. To have revealed it before her marriage would have been a certain means to render the marriage impossible, and to disappoint her father. After an indissoluble tie had attached her to M. de Wolmar, to destroy the esteem he had for her would have been risking his happiness. I know not but the sacrifice of her delicacy to the tranquillity of another may even be worthy of great admiration. Virtues which in the eyes of mankind differ not from vices are the most difficult to exercise. Is not a confidence in the purity of our intentions, and the elevation of ourselves above the reach of opinion, the character of a disinterested love of that which is good? Yet how should I admire the emotion which gave birth to the resolution to avow all! This I with pleasure observe in Julia, and at the same time I applaud Rousseau, who thought it not enough to oppose in the same person reflection to inclination, but that another person was necessary; that Claire should take upon herself to dissuade Julia from discovering her fault to M. de Wolmar, that Julia might preserve all the charm of her sentiment, and appear rather to be withheld than capable of restraining herself. Whatever the general opinion may be upon this point, it is at least true, that when Rousseau is deceived, it is for the most part in attaching himself to a moral idea, rather than to one of another kind; it is between the virtues he chooses, and the preference he gives that he is alone open to attack, or capable of being defended.'

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*Oeuvres Posthumes de Frederic II. Roi de Prusse, en 15 Tomes.*  
8vo. Berlin. Voss et Fils, Decker et Fils.

*Oeuvres Posthumes de Frederic II. Roi de Prusse. Partie I. II.*  
*Tom. I. II.*

*The History of my own Times. Part I. II. Vols. I. II. 7s.*  
*each in Boards. Robinsons.*

(Continued from p. 55.)

THE second volume commences with the events of the year 1743 and 1744, as well as of those circumstances which preceded the Prussian war. The king begins with apologising for the apparent solecism which he committed of confiding in a reconciled foe, by observing, that, as his object was the conquest



quest of Silesia, his resources were not sufficient to enable him to cope long with a powerful kingdom; nor was it necessary, as he had obtained his purpose, and as it was not likely that France and Austria could be quickly reconciled. Fleuri died soon after, a minister, in the king's opinion, who was praised too much during his life, and blamed too much after his death; without the haughtiness of Richlieu, or the subtilty of Mazarine, his œconomical spirit healed the wounds which the war of the succession and the system of Law had inflicted, while his talents in negociation preserved the kingdom in prosperity, and acquired the rich province of Lorraine. The dawn of the empress of Germany's good fortune, the retreat of Bellisle from Prague, the affairs in the Baltic, and design of George II. to crush the French, already weakened, are next detailed. Frederick's plan would have been destroyed by this last attempt, and every representation which he could make was employed; but George, 'from his inveterate hatred to the French nation,' was inexorable. The battle of Dettingen, followed, and is described somewhat differently from the account historians have given of it. Lord Stair, it is said, committed the blunder which prevented the supply of forage; and the king's removal to Aschaffembourg is reported only to have been an insufficient measure to repair the negligence: in *effect*, however, it is represented as a faulty position. The battle followed of course, and the defeat of the French is attributed to the movements of the duke de Grammont and the count of Harcourt, to take the allies in *flank*, which prevented the effect of the batteries that were to play on the *rear*; as well as to the activity of an Austrian regiment, which took advantage of the confusion among the French troops, when they found numerous lines, occasioned by the necessity of a narrow front. There are many marks of partiality in this account; in reality, a single circumstance would determine the king of Prussia's bias. When George's horse was frightened, he observes, that the king of England fought on foot, at the head of his English forces. Afterwards, he says, that George stood during the whole time at the head of the Hanoverian battalion, in the posture of a fencing-master, who is just pushing in carte. The rest of the campaign was spent in fruitless negociations, or pretences of treaties; and the affairs of Russia, whose power the Austrians wished to bring to their assistance, as they had drawn with advantage the king of Sardinia to their party, are also detailed. The king's desire of obtaining peace, and of assisting the emperor, he tells us, led him to Germany, to obtain what aid he could from the Germanic body. In the mean time, his own



works of peace, as well as of defence, in case of war, went on rapidly. The conclusion of the year 1743, we shall transcribe from Mr. Holcroft: it is translated advantageously and accurately,

‘ Thus ended the year 1743. All Europe was busied in wars and cabals, the cabinets of princes were more active than their armies; the cause of war was changed; its first end was the support of the house of Austria, its next was projects of conquest. England began to gain an ascendancy in the balance of power, which prognosticated nothing but misfortune to France. The fortitude of the empress-queen degenerated into obstinacy, and the apparent generosity of the king of England into a contemptible interest for his electorate. Russia was still at peace. The king of Prussia, ever occupied in keeping an equilibrium between the belligerent powers, hoped to obtain this purpose, sometimes by amicable insinuations, sometimes by threats, and sometimes even by ostentation. But what are the projects of man? To him the future is hidden: he knows not what shall happen to morrow. How may he foresee events which a chain of secondary causes may within six months produce? Circumstances often oblige him to act contrary to his intention; and, in the flux and reflux of fortune, prudence has only to conform, to act with consistency, and never to lose sight of her system: it is impossible she should foresee all events.’

The ninth chapter contains the negociations of 1744, and is, in reality, a continuation of the last. The leading feature of it is the secret alliance between Austria, England, and Saxony, which certainly brought on the ensuing war. The second article, that guaranties to each the territories they *ought to possess*, especially as it was explained by references to treaties existing previous to the conquest of Silesia, awakened the king’s jealousy.

The tenth chapter contains the campaigns in Italy, Flanders, and the Rhine, as well as the campaign of the king. The campaigns in Italy and Flanders are neither brilliant nor interesting; but we must not pass over the incidental mention of the projected descent on England from Dunkirk. The king seems to be of opinion, that the only object was to weaken the army on the Rhine, though cardinal Tencin appears to have had a serious design of placing ‘ Prince Edward’ (Charles) on the throne of England, in return for the cardinal’s hat which he received in consequence of the nomination of James: it was the least return which the pope could make for that prince’s renunciation of three kingdoms, in consequence of his attachment to the mass. When the king of Prussia was called on by England for his contingency, he promised to come at the head of 30,000 men to the assistance of the king; but the offer was suspicious, for the reinforcement was too large.

Of

Of prince Charles of Lorraine's military abilities, the king speaks with respect; but the movements of the French were slow and ill conducted, nor could the marshal de Schmettau, whom Frederick sent for that purpose, inspire them with either spirit or judgment. The king's campaign against the Austrians commenced by penetrating, in concert with his allies, into Bohemia, and obliging the empress-queen to recal her troops from Alsace. It was rendered brilliant by the siege and conquest of Prague; but from mismanagement after that event, a conduct which Frederick imputes to his complaisance and yielding to the opinion of his allies, contrary to his better judgment, little advantage was drawn from it. The Prussian army was straitened in its quarters, distressed for provisions, and sometimes insulted in its camp, while the Austrians, by their strong positions, prevented every attack which the king meditated. Marshal Traun and prince Charles of Lorraine, by their skilful movements, reduced Frederick almost to the necessity of giving up either Prague or Silesia; and at last obliged him to repass the Elbe at Kolin, the only post, with that of Pardubitz, which kept up the communication with each place. Notwithstanding the king's precautions, prince Charles passed the Elbe, though he was successfully opposed for five hours by a single Prussian battalion, under lieutenant-colonel Wedel, who, by this action, acquired the title of Leonidas. This decided the resolution of Frederick; Prague was abandoned, and his army retreated in good order into Silesia, without effecting any one purpose which was designed.

No general committed more faults than did the king, during this campaign. The first, certainly, was that of not providing magazines sufficient to maintain his army six months in Bohemia. It is well known that, to raise the great superstructure of an army, it must be remembered the belly is the foundation. But this was not all: he entered Saxony, although he knew that the Saxons had acceded to the treaty of Worms; therefore, he either should have obliged them to change sides, or have crushed them before he had set foot in Bohemia. He laid siege to Prague, and sent a feeble detachment to Beraun against Bathiani. Had not the troops enacted prodigies of valour, they must have been lost. Prague being taken, good policy certainly required he should immediately march with the half of his army against Bathiani; ruin him before the arrival of prince Charles, and take the magazine of Pilsen; the loss of which would have prevented the return of the Austrians into Bohemia. They would have been obliged again to have amassed subsistence, which requires time: so that, to them, the campaign would



have been lost. If sufficient zeal were not shewn in supplying the Prussian magazines, the fault must not be imputed to the king, but to the contractors, who received the money and left the magazines.

‘ But how might the king have the weakness to adopt marshal de Belleisle’s project for the campaign, which led him to Tabor and Budweis, when he himself allowed that this project was neither conformable to present circumstances, his own interest, nor the laws of war? It is erroneous to carry condescension too far. The commission of this error drew on numerous others. Was he justified in putting his army into cantonments, when the enemy was encamped within a march of his quarters? The advantage of the campaign was wholly for the Austrians. Marshal Traun acted the part of Sertorius, and the king that of Pompey. The conduct of the marshal is a perfect model, which every general who delights in his profession ought to study, and if he has the abilities to imitate. The king himself owned that he regarded that campaign as his school in the art of war, and Traun as his preceptor. Good fortune is often more fatal to princes than adversity: during the former they are intoxicated with presumption, the second renders them circumspect and modest!’

The eleventh chapter contains miscellaneous transactions of the first part of the year 1745. Early in January, the Austrians invaded Upper Silesia, while the supposed panic of the Prussians lasted; but they were defeated with disgrace, and returned to winter-quarters. The negotiations with France, the death of the emperor Charles VII. and the intrigues which the prospect of an election excited, next follow. The candidates were the grand-duke of Tuscany and the king of Poland (Augustus, elector of Saxony). The latter had insulted and opposed the king in every attempt; but no opposition was made, because the king knew that the crown of Poland was a perpetual barrier to his attempt. The king of France, who favoured Augustus, was therefore complimented with Frederick’s apparent acquiescence; but the negotiations relating to the ensuing campaign were not very pleasing to the king, who saw clearly that France only employed the allies to favour her views in Flanders. He attempted to negotiate for peace with England; but the treaty of Warsaw, as he was informed by lord Chesterfield, ‘the greatest genius and the most eloquent man in England,’ shackled the opinions of the Pelham party, then in administration; and the fixed inveteracy of the king counteracted every attempt. About this time too the young elector of Bavaria, by the artifices, the impositions, and, as is insinuated, by the forgeries of Seckendorf, concluded a separate peace at Fussen with the queen



queen of Hungary : so that with half Europe leagued against it, Russia only inactive by the force of its gold, with a ray of the returning favour of England, the fame and fortunes of Prussia were staked on the event of the ensuing campaign.

The twelfth chapter relates to the campaign in Italy and Flanders, and to what passed on the Rhine previous to the operation of the Prussian troops in Silesia. In Italy, the Bourbons were successful ; in Flanders they gained the battle of Fontenoy, and the city of Tournay. In this battle the allies were, at first, evidently victorious ; and the change of fortune was seemingly owing to the spirit and good conduct of count Saxe, who charged the victorious troops with the French guards and the Irish brigade, while he played on them, at the same time, from some batteries hastily formed : the king has observed, that the generals of the allies did not know how to make a proper use of the advantage which they had gained. Louis afterwards reinforced his army in Flanders, by a detachment from that on the Rhine, seduced, as Frederick tells us, by the artifices of count Bruhl, who persuaded the French ambassador, that the only means of obtaining an advantageous peace from the queen of Hungary was not to oppose the election of the grand-duke ; and, in order to show this disposition, the army on the Rhine was to be rendered inactive :—a mode of conduct which is not only unreasonable in itself, but of which the motive appears to be unlikely. Gand, (Ghent) Bruges, Oudenarde, Nieuport, Dendermonde, Ostend, and Ath surrendered in succession, and marshal Saxe put his troops into winter-quarters, covered with laurels. The king's object in the campaign was not to follow prince Charles into Lorraine ; but to keep close to the desiles and attack him the moment he left them to pass into Upper Silesia ; at the same time foraging along the frontiers of Silesia : the skirmishing, which was a prelude to the war, particularly the action of Jägersdorf, which the king owns is represented as more important than it really was, to give spirit and confidence to the Prussian cavalry, who there were first distinguished, conclude the chapter.

The battle of Friedberg was the consequence of the king's plan ; and it was completely and decisively successful, from the stratagem of alluring prince Charles to attack what he thought a defenceless enemy, and from the steady valour of the Prussians.

' This was the third, but not the last battle, fought to decide to whom Silesia appertained. When sovereigns play for provinces, the lives of men are but as counters. Stratagem prepared,

valour fought, the battle. Had not prince Charles been deceived by his spies, who were themselves deceived, he never could so stupidly have fallen into the snare that had been spread. This confirms the maxim, that those principles should never be departed from, which the art of war prescribes; and that circumspection should invariably be attended to, which obliges all commanders never to swerve from rules which their own safety, and the execution of their projects, exact; even when every thing favour such meditated projects, the surest way is, never to so far despise the enemy as to suppose him incapable of resistance. Chance never resigns its rights. In this very action, a mistake had nearly become fatal to the Prussians. At the beginning of the battle, the king drew ten battalions from the second line, under the command of lieutenant-general Kalckstein, to reinforce the corps of du Moulin, and sent one of his aid du camps to order the margrave, Charles, to take the command of the second line of infantry, during the absence of Kalckstein. The blundering aid du camp told the margrave to reinforce the second line, with his brigade, which was at the extremity of the left. The king perceived the mistake in time, and rectified it with promptitude. Had prince Charles profited by this false motion, he might have taken the left of the Prussians in flank, which was not yet supported by the rivulet of Striegau. On trifles like these do the destiny of kingdoms and the renown of generals depend, good or ill fortune is decided in an instant. Yet must it be confessed, the bravery of the troops who fought at Friedberg considered, the state ran no risk. Not a single corps was repulsed. Of sixty-four battalions, twenty-seven only were in action, and carried the victory. The world rest not more securely on the shoulders of Atlas than Prussia on such an army.

Though the king's language breathes intoxication, he did not quit his former plan. He 'eat up' the frontiers of Bohemia, to which he had pursued prince Charles, and was contented. He might perhaps have done more, for the Saxons, over-awed by a Prussian army near Halle, recalled the greater part of the troops; and the reinforcements which prince Charles received were inadequate. At this period, the convention of Hanover was signed; and a description of the intrigues which preceded the diet and influenced the election in favour of the grand duke, follows.

Various circumstances prevented the empress-queen and the king of Poland from acceding to the convention of Hanover; and the war was again carried on with vigour. The Austrians, with the assistance of the eager impetuous prince Lobkowitz, who, with the duke of Aremberg, had been sent to urge on prince Charles, were turbulent and vexatious: but another battle, that of Sorr, in which Frederick was again success-



successful, changed the fortune of the campaign. The king, as usual, plays the after-game, and expatiates on his own errors, as well as those of his antagonists. He kept, however, steadily to his first plan, and did not entangle his army in the woods and defiles of Bohemia, where they might have been starved or cut off, in detail, by the irregular Pandours. At the battle of Sorr, the king had only 18,000 men opposed to 40,000: he, however, wintered in Silesia, to which he retreated, *not without molestation*, after he had consumed all the forage on the frontiers.

The rebellion in Scotland fixed the attention of France and England. The empress-queen now saw, in her own opinion, the king without an ally, and thought him an easy conquest. It was even designed to send the army, under prince Charles, to Saxony, and to fall on Berlin in the winter, in concert with the Saxon troops. The Swedish ambassador at Dresden discovered the secret, which count Bruhl incautiously betrayed; and, from the connexion in consequence of the marriage between the heir-elective of Sweden with the king's sister, was induced to give a timely information. Frederick, by a forced winter's campaign, crushed the venom in its egg; but he still held out the same moderate overtures of peace. He was unwilling to demand any cession from Saxony, as common injuries would have united Poland more closely with Austria, and his object was to separate them. At the same time, he gave a proof of moderation to all Europe, if possible to lessen the bad impressions which his conduct respecting Silesia had occasioned. The old prince of Anhalt perplexed Frederick by his caution and delay; but made full amends by his glorious victory at Kesseldorf, a victory that terminated a war which caused only an useless effusion of blood; except it be supposed, that repeated victories confirmed the possession of Silesia.

The first cares of the king of Prussia all tended to the re-establishment of his army. He chiefly recruited it by the Austrian and Saxon prisoners; of whom he had his choice. Thus were his troops completed at the expence of foreigners; and it did not cost the country more than seven thousand men, to repair the losses that so many bloody battles had occasioned. Since the art of war has been so well understood in Europe, and policy has established a certain balance of power between sovereigns, grand enterprizes but rarely produce such effects as might be expected. An equality of forces, alternate loss and success, occasion the opponents, at the end of the most desperate war, to find themselves much in the same state of reciprocal strength as at the commencement. Exhausted treasures at length are productive of peace; which ought to be the work of humanity,



not of necessity. In a word, if the fame of, and respect due to, arms merit efforts for that attainment, Prussia, by gaining these, found a recompense for the second war she had undertaken; but this was all she found. Yet did this vapour inspire new envy.'

The third volume of the original is in reality a continuation of the same subject, though it appears to be a very different work. It is entitled the History of the Seven Years War.

In the preface, which is dated at Potsdam, the 3d of March, 1764, the king states his reasons for undertaking this second work. He says, (we now translate from the original), 'he has had in view two principal objects: the one to demonstrate to posterity that he could not possibly avoid this war, and that the honour and welfare of his kingdom prevented him from consenting to peace, upon any other conditions than those which were obtained at its conclusion; the other, to detail all the military operations with as much perspicuity and precision as possible, in order to leave an authentic account of the advantageous and disadvantageous situations that occur in the provinces and kingdoms into which the war must be carried, whenever the house of Brandenburg shall happen to be embroiled with that of Austria.' With regard to this second object the king had in view, we suspect, that this publication will be of full as much service to the Austrians as to the Prussians, unless the latter could confine to themselves the perusal of it. The preface contains likewise some general observations relative to encampments. That they are excellent in their kind no one will doubt.

The first chapter of this part of the work before us, contains an account of the internal government of Prussia and Austria during the peace which was concluded in 1746. After a very handsome eulogium on the virtues and legislative abilities of his chancellor Cocceij, the king informs us that he employed himself during this tranquil interval in forming a new code of laws, which was promulgated '*after it had been approved by the states*;' in reforming the courts of judicature; in draining marshes; in building two hundred and eighty new villages; in encouraging manufactures, and the breed of silk-worms; in short, in pursuing every measure to promote and increase the population of the kingdom. What great good may be brought about by the efforts of one man possessed of kingly power, great abilities, and patriotic virtues, appears by the following extract: 'As it is certain, that the riches of a state consist in the number of its subjects, Prussia might at this time be reckoned doubly as powerful as she was  
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in the last years of Frederick-William, father of the king.' We are next presented with a particular detail of the new regulations introduced into the Prussian and Austrian armies, by the perusal of which military men will be much entertained and improved.

The second chapter opens with a short account of the continuation of the war by the Austrians and English on one side, and the French and Spaniards on the other, which was put an end to by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748. Next follows a history of the successful negotiations and intrigues of the empress of Germany during the peace, by which she formed the powerful confederacy of the Austrians, the French, the Russians, and the Swedes against the Prussians. Her grand object was to recover Silesia, which she had given up to the king of Prussia, with so much regret, by the late peace of Dresden.

We come now to the third chapter, which brings down the history to the declaration of war in 1756. The author attributes the rupture between France and England to the secret machinations of the late duke of Cumberland, who, he says, wished to plunge the nation into a war, in hopes that some sinister accident would occur to render the duke of Newcastle unpopular, and open the way to the promotion of Mr. Fox. He adds, that previous to the breaking out of the war, 'all the unjustifiable proceedings were on the side of the English.' We must here again observe, that through all these volumes, the king manifests a very strong partiality for the French. This bias may, in some measure, be accounted for, by his predilection for their language and literature, and his warm attachment through life to several individuals of that nation.—But it is not easy to proceed farther, without engaging in our author's particular account of the war: we shall, therefore, resume the volume in another Number.

## FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**W**E shall now perform the promise in our Appendix, by giving some account of the different meteorological observations, a subject which the extreme cold of last winter, and the numerous publications which it has occasioned, renders interesting. We shall bring together the different facts which we have been able to collect from various sources, either publications which cannot from their place make in any other respect a part of our Journal, or more private communications, which would not probably have otherwise appeared. But, as we find some miscellaneous memoirs on similar subjects, which we have not yet



yet introduced, we shall follow, in some degree, the order of their appearance.

Some meteorological observations made by M. de Prielong, at Goree, in the year 1787, are the first in our list: he observes, that from the 15th of May to the beginning of December, the thermometer stood constantly above  $24^{\circ}$  (we suppose of Reaumur) equal to  $86^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, except on the days of rain, or of hurricanes, when it generally sunk eight or nine degrees\*: the time of observation was generally about the middle of the day. In the year 1787, there were fifteen or eighteen hurricanes; our author seems not to have been able to measure the quantity of rain, but he assures his correspondent, M. de Romé de l'Isle, that there must have been more than 50 inches, two and a half times as much as at Paris: yet the inhabitants told him that this had been one of their driest seasons. The greater part of these hurricanes raised the barometer from the one-twelfth to the sixth part of an inch, a fact not a little singular; others have sunk it as much; and some did not at all affect it. During the whole of the rainy season there was scarcely any vapour or dew. The 27th of September was the hottest day of the whole year; the thermometer was at  $97^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$ , and continued there more than an hour. In some years it is said to rise from 104 to  $106^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$ ; but about  $100^{\circ}$  appears to be the mean heat of five or six years, for Senegal as well as Goree. This island is indeed more southerly than Senegal, but it is higher and less sandy. M. Moneron has assured our author, that at Maufulipatam, the thermometer has risen to  $118^{\circ}$ ; and, at Podor, about fifty or sixty leagues from the Island of St. Louis, on the river Senegal, an officer, who resided there more than a year, has seen it, in a northerly situation, and in the shade, at  $131^{\circ}$ ! The heat is said to have resembled that at the mouth of a hot oven; the troops stationed there were greatly reduced in numbers; and those who returned from it were generally affected with violent fevers or extreme debility. The post is now abandoned; but it was said that the heat of Senegal was nearly a mean between the heats of Podor and of France; Senegal is a little hotter than Cayenne, where the heat is said to be between seventy and ninety-two, nearly. The measures of heat taken at Goree are in a northerly situation, and in the shade, for in the sun it is at least fourteen degrees higher, and in the sand as much above the heat of the sun. The hurricanes come from between the north-east and the south-east: the first and most violent come from the south-east, turn a little towards the south, and even pass that point near their conclusion. About the end of September, or the beginning of October, two or three come from the north-east; and these are

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\* We shall translate the degrees as we go on to those of Fahrenheit, without employing Dr. Martine's correction, as the thermometers now employed by the French are generally mercurial ones, and the correction relates to the strength of spirit.



very violent. Neither rain nor storms come from any other quarter of the heavens, and it must be remarked, that the direction is wholly from the inland parts. The earth perhaps, highly charged with electrical matter, meets with conductors in the clouds, and explodes with violence. The explosion is communicated to the other clouds, and makes a furious and sudden decomposition, accompanied with the usual winds.

M. Reynier, who has passed much time on the Alps, has offered us some meteorological observations, which we shall introduce in this place. In the morning, the vapours, condensed by the coldness of the night, rise along the mountains, in proportion as the sun rises above the horizon. When the weather will be fine, they glide uniformly on the brink of the mountain, and rise over it by a regular motion, somewhat slow. When rain impends, the motion is irregular, they are alternately attracted and repelled by the mountain, and rise like elastic bodies rebounding. In a stormy season, particularly, when there will be hail, the motions are still more rapid and irregular. This observation may be confirmed in the mountainous countries of Great Britain: we have seen it among the mountains of Cumberland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Ketwick. M. Reynier observes, and the observation is sufficiently near the surface not to be overlooked, that the appearance is electrical.

Before we proceed to the colds observed during last winter, we shall give an account of some anonymous observations on frost, cold, lightning, and thunder. This author's first principle is undoubtedly erroneous, for he thinks that, as heat proceeds from igneous particles, so cold is produced by particles of a different and opposite nature. His observations are, however, minute, and generally correct. It does not appear, indeed, that clouds are owing to excess of humidity; at least, in M. Saussure's language, during thick clouds the hydrometrical affinity of the water is often very inconsiderable. The harmattan also, the driest wind that we are acquainted with, is generally attended with a cloudy sky. Our author does not properly distinguish between clouds and fogs: of the cause of fogs his account is just. In his observations on frost, he remarks, that in December of last year it penetrated to caverns and wells, where the water was never frozen before. The particular matter of cold is, he thinks, the electrical fluid; but the only proofs are, that in cold air electricity is very conspicuous: we know that ice is not a conductor. Electricity, he allows, is equally apparent in storms, and from a similar cause, since dry air conducts very imperfectly. Our author is obliged at last to admit, that the electrical fluid, combined with subtilized inflammable substances, forms also the matter of thunder: this fluid plays very different and opposite parts; indeed it has served very effectually every system-builder, since the first discoveries of Dr. Franklin.

Father Cotte, from whom we have at times received very  
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important meteorological remarks, has described in a very correct and elaborate memoir, the cold of the winter 1788 and 1789, compared with the severe winters of the last fourteen years. He begins with examining the temperature of the summer and autumn of 1788, and points out, as the first fact of importance, the violent hail which fell in July, while the heat was suffocating. From this event he argues, that the cold above must have been very considerable; and he even suspects that it may have been the cause of the apparent heat of the autumn, as the heat must have been attracted from the earth to restore the equilibrium, and would be for a time confined near it by the density of the inferior strata. The cold commenced, he says, pretty smartly on the 25th of November, and it froze every day except on the 25th of December, when a thaw came on and lasted twenty-four hours. This thaw was very general and extensive: we have received accounts of it through more than 15° of longitude, and it probably extended much farther, as well as considerably in latitude. What can be the cause of an alteration so general, so extensive, and so sudden? On the 26th of November it snowed; and the quantity, for France, was very great. On November 28th, December 2d, 6th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 26th, 27th, and 31st; — January 1st, 6th, 9th, 11th, and 13th the cold increased in its intensity, seemingly by starts. The coldest day by the thermometer, in France, was the 31st of December; but seemingly the most insupportable cold occurred the 6th of January, by means of a very sharp north-east wind. A wind from the south blew on the 31st of December, and succeeded the north wind, which blew away towards noon the icy vapours that the south wind brought back again. The same observation occurred in 1709, and on the same day of the year 1783. The sky, our author observes, was usually clear; the prevailing winds were the north and north-east. When it occasionally blew from the south, it became cloudy, and snow followed; but the wind returned to the north, and the cold came with its former severity.

The thaw commenced the 13th of January at noon, and proceeded slowly: though it did not freeze after that time, the weather continued very cold till the 23d of January. February, March, and a part of April, were very wet. The frost returned the 4th of March, and continued very nearly to the end of the month. The melting of the snow was completed only about the 8th or 10th of February; it furnished, in father Cotte's udometer,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches of water; and if, as our author calculates, snow is reduced in melting seven-eighths, we shall find that there fell twenty-eight inches of snow\*. The ice melted very slowly in pits, wells, and rivers; it is said to *have been from 24 to 30 inches in thickness*. Some ponds were wholly frozen, and the fish destroyed: where they were preserved it was chiefly owing

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\* It does not really amount to quite so much, but father Cotte wrote half a line, and calculated half an inch; we have preserved the half inch. The difference is not above one-sixth.



to apertures being made in the ice. We remember to have seen ponds very wisely covered with straw for the same purpose. When the apertures were made, it was necessary to keep them constantly open, for it has happened that the water froze while the fish was breathing, and the animal was killed in a very singular manner, by being frozen between two laminæ of ice. The thaw was very fatal in destroying bridges, occasionally blocking up the course of the rivers, and thus causing inundations. The last chiefly happened when it thawed soonest near the source of the river. The Loire, the Soane, and even the rapid Rhone were frozen: the sea was frozen on the coasts of Laon, where our author resided; and every one knows that the birds of the North were very frequent on our coasts.

Father Cotte next considers the effects on the human body, on animals, and vegetables. On the human body it produced the usual effects; but, though placed where the cold was not most violent, we saw instances which we never remember to have read of. Some old people, with all the comforts and conveniences which opulence can furnish, and in situations where nothing was wanting, actually sunk, without apparent disease, from the merely debilitating effects of cold. Every one, attentive to his own feelings, must have perceived the want of vigour, cheerfulness, and activity, which moderate cold imparts, and, in its stead, found weakness, inactivity, and low spirits. We well remember that we never felt greater difficulties in writing: what we observed in p. 139 of our last volume, was truly from the feelings in the moment of the frost's greatest intensity. Animals suffered in proportion as they were exposed to the cold. The toes of chickens were frozen; sheep, which were shut up, died in great numbers, and lost their wool, while those in the open air escaped. Cows, which scarcely went out of the stable, and were indifferently fed, gave very little milk. Horses suffered very little; but game of all kinds, with a great variety of little birds, died of hunger: even those which escaped could not for a long time recover their strength; as the cold was also fatal to a variety of insects on which they fed. Vines, particularly the buds of the vine, suffered greatly, so that many were cut down level with the ground: pears also were much damaged. Apple, peach, and apricot trees; indeed every tree whose fruit has a kernel, escaped more easily. The oranges, olives, and pomegranates were almost entirely killed; and the fruit in the store-rooms were greatly injured. The great mischief done in the field was by the ice, which froze on the trees and the buds. Such was the state in France: in most of these respects we fared better.

Our author then gives the result of his table, which contains observations of the greatest cold in 110 different cities. From this it appears that the intensity of the cold did not, as may be expected, follow the order of the latitudes: the cold, for instance, was sharper in some cities of Germany than at Peterfburg; more severe at Paris than in other cities to the North, as Laon,



Laon, Cambray, Bruffels, &c. Much of this difference appears to be owing to the elevation, though other circumstances of situation occur. The cold seems to have been more severe in Germany than in any other part of Europe from whence we have received any observations. The greatest cold occurred in Russia about the 12th of December; in a part of Germany and Poland about the 17th or 18th of the same month; in France on the 31st, and in Holland on the 5th of January; in the south of England on the 17th and 18th of December. When it was at its height in France, it was lessened in Germany and Poland, as well as in some parts even of that kingdom. The mean cold in France was  $15^{\circ}.3$  \* ( $-3$ ); of Germany  $21^{\circ}.5$  ( $-15\frac{1}{2}$ ); of the cities of Holland  $14^{\circ}.9$  ( $-2$ ); of the south of England, which we quote chiefly on account of the mildness of the climate,  $+27^{\circ}.4$  of Fahrenheit. If one day, on which the thermometer stood at  $13^{\circ}$ , be excepted, and which seems owing to a sharp north-easterly wind, the mean cold would be much less; for the next lowest number, which, if we recollect rightly, was 23, occurs only on the 15th and 16th of December. The lowest point was on the 18th.

Father Cotte then adds the comparative colds; and we find the result of observations, taken in thirty-two cities in the winter of 1776, was  $17^{\circ}.4$  ( $-8$ ). In 1782, the result of 23 cities,  $7^{\circ}.8$  ( $+16$ .) In 1783 and 1784, from 83 cities,  $15^{\circ}.8$  ( $-3$ ); and in the last winter, from 110 cities,  $17^{\circ}$  ( $-6\frac{1}{4}$ ). The intensity of the cold has been therefore exceeded; but the continuance of it produced the very violent effects. In 1782 and 1783, we remember the thermometer to have been much lower than the point at which it usually stood last winter, but the violence of the cold did not exceed four or five days: it now lasted fifty.

On the same subject we find some remarks from M. Van Swinden, professor of natural philosophy at Amsterdam. Even in the small district of Holland, he observes, that the cold was unequal. The least cold was at the capital of Holland  $13^{\circ}.5$  ( $1\frac{1}{2}$ ), and the greatest at Haderwick  $17^{\circ}.3$  ( $-7$ ). The professor thinks it was more severely felt in the south of Europe than in Holland. He remarks the great height of the barometer on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of January, notwithstanding the hard frost, for it is not common to have severe and continued frosts when the barometer is very high. On the 5th the barometer was at 28 inches 10.77 lines, Paris measure, which exceeds the greatest height observed by more than half a line,

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\* If these degrees are below 0 of Reaumur, the cold must be very great indeed. —0 of Fahrenheit answers to  $14$  two-ninths of Reaumur, and each degree of Reaumur is equal to two one-fourth of Fahrenheit. If this is the author's meaning, our readers must correct the numbers as they are inserted between brackets. We first considered them as Fahrenheit degrees, but we suspect we were in an error. The English observations are from Fahrenheit.

viz. the heights observed on the 2d of January 1761, January 27th, 1766, and the 26th of December, 1778. If we can make allowance for the difference of situation, we think it was higher than either on the 18th of December 1762, when it rose very nearly to 30 inches and a half ( $30\frac{7}{16}$ ) at about 130 feet above the level of the sea. The same barometer, on the day which the professor points out, January 5th of this year, was at 30.6, so general was this extraordinary elevation. Our author observes, on the contrary, that the barometer was very low on the 14th of January, at eight o'clock in the evening, viz. at 27 inches 4.6 lines. In the Journal before us, communicated by a very respectable correspondent, it was lowest on the 13th, viz. at 28.87; and the lowest point at which we have ever seen the barometer, in this situation, was at  $28\frac{1}{4}$ , and it occurred on the 9th of February 1783, the day after the great earthquake which desolated Calabria.

The observations on this great cold which next occur, were made at Valence in Dauphiné, by M. de Roziere, a captain in the corps of engineers. Reaumur's thermometer was for many days from 3 to 6° ( $26\frac{3}{4}$  to  $21\frac{1}{2}$ ); it sunk on the 20th of December to 9° ( $11\frac{1}{2}$ ), and on the 24th, when the Rhone froze, it was at 11° (7° of Fahrenheit), but on the 31st it was 15° (—2). The Rhone was completely fixed on the 27th of December, and remained so to the 13th of January: in some parts it was said to be frozen to the bottom. The weather was generally clear and the wind from the north.

The abbé Dicquemaire's last legacy to the public was a description of the cold, as he observed it at Havre. It began there on the 24th of November 1788, and continued to the 13th of January 1789. His instrument was a spirit thermometer, and the liquor sunk to ten degrees below 0. If we allow Martine's correction, as we should do, it will amount to 16°. It sunk no lower.

The next observer whom we shall follow, is M. Flaugergues, at Viviers. He tells us that the greatest cold, which M. Messier observed at Paris, was on the 31st, when it was at —15.57, about —2, which answers to 17°.65 of M. de Luc's thermometer. We mention this to observe that in the latter instrument, which, like Saussure's, has the division between boiling water and freezing ice divided into 80 degrees, a mixture of salt and snow sunk the mercury to —17°. This ought to correspond with 0 of Fahrenheit, if the instruments were equally good, but, in reality, it is somewhat lower. In the year 1709, De la Hire's thermometer sunk to —5, which Reaumur found to amount to about  $15\frac{1}{2}$  degrees of his spirit thermometer; so that our author concludes it was seven hundredths of a degree colder in the last winter than at that memorable æra. But we must here employ Dr. Martine's correction, and we shall then find the cold greater in the last winter by 10 degrees of Fahrenheit, for M. Messier's was 'a mercurial thermometer.' The coldest time of the year 1716 was on the 22d of January,

when



when De la Hire's thermometer sunk to 4, which our author tells us is equal to about 15.7 of Reaumur, so that the cold of 1716 exceeded by  $\frac{1}{8}$  that of last winter: in reality, if allowance be made for the weakness of Reaumur's spirit, the cold of that year was inferior to what we felt in 1788, 1789. Reaumur's thermometer at Viviers was one degree below that at Paris, and in 1776 was at  $13\frac{1}{4}$ . The barometer was at  $38\frac{1}{4}$  inches; and the earth opened on the 9th of January was found to be frozen so far as  $21\frac{1}{4}$ th inches.

M. Arnaud de St. Maurice tells us that the ice in the Seine, on the 31st of December, was  $16\frac{1}{4}$  inches; the thermometer, at five in the afternoon, was 12 degrees of Reaumur below frost; but, in the water, was a degree and half above frost. When the thermometer was at  $-11$ , placed in a sewer it rose to  $+4$ ; in a well to  $+5\frac{1}{4}$ ; and in a cellar, at midnight, it was still at 0. When the sewer was opened, a quantity of whitish vapour came out, which, when collected, was found to afford a very clear water, of a sharpish taste, but not unpleasant, probably alkaline air, with an excess of fixed air, forming an ammoniacal salt by their union.

To conclude this subject, we wished to have given some account of the winter of 1739-40, and its comparative cold; but, after many enquiries, we can find no observations that we can depend on, or that are easily understood. We forgot to insert in its proper place some remarkable degrees of cold from P. Cotte's table at Basle in Switzerland; the cold on the 18th of December was  $30^{\circ}$ , which, if accurately measured with Reaumur's mercurial thermometer, must have been equal to  $-34\frac{1}{2}$  of Fahrenheit: at Breslone, in Germany, it was  $28^{\circ}.5$ , equal to  $-31$ ; and at St. Albans, in England,  $28\frac{1}{2}$  of Fahrenheit; at Warsaw, in Poland,  $26^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit; at Dresden, Erlang, Edsbur, Inspruck, and Petersburg, it was scarcely two degrees less.

The freezing of the Rhine was this year attended, very remarkably, with some circumstances which we have formerly noticed, viz. ice formed on the ground. On the vast casks made at Coblenz, Cologne, and Mayence, the years of the severe frosts, which fix the Rhine, and render it sufficiently stable to admit of fairs being held on it, are often engraved. What, however, establishes the fact in question is, that, in the ice, large rounded stones are frequently found, and they are seen at different depths, for the ice of the Rhine is very transparent, since its bottom is sandy or stony: no sand is however entangled in it, for the ground-ice seems to require some solid body on which it may fix, and which would favour the shooting of its crystals.

As an instrument subservient to meteorology, but which has never yet been applied in England to this purpose, we must again introduce the hygrometer, and we shall finish our sketch with what has been observed on this subject since we last attended



tended to it. M. Riché of Paris constructs hygrometers on the principle of M. Saussure, and they are said to excel the instruments contrived by that very able philosopher. The body acted on is hair; but eight hairs are employed, and their united force is sufficient to conquer the vis inertiae of a needle, which weighs eight grains. The greatest drought brings the needle to  $38^{\circ}$ , and the greatest moisture to  $100^{\circ}$ . We apprehend that the instrument succeeds very well: a plate of it is inserted in the last volume of the *Journal de Physique*, from whence our description is taken.

We formerly remarked, in our account of the dispute between M. de Luc and Saussure, that the hair hygrometer often goes beyond the point of extreme moisture. M. Geoffroy gives a singular fact of this kind, without attempting to explain it. The situation of his hygrometer is peculiar and convenient. He has taken a square from one of his windows, and in its room he has placed the instrument, inclosing it with glass, within and without, so that by opening either side, he can measure the moisture of the room or of the open air. He found that the needle sometimes passed the hundredth degree, and he employed the remedy that M. Saussure mentions, viz. putting the instrument into a moistened vessel, where it was subjected to extreme humidity. But, in the *Meteorological Journal of Toulouse*, on July 14th, 1785, the hair hygrometer appears to have been at  $101^{\circ}$ ; on the 27th of August it was at the same point; on the 25th of September  $104$ ; and on the 4th of October  $103$ . These variations occur also in 1786. Our author, fearing that his instrument was defective, procured another from the original artist, M. Paul, which, in the moistened receiver, stood at  $100^{\circ}$ ; yet, on the 24th of September, at nine in the evening, it stood at  $103$ . The wind was at the east, the sky partly clouded; the barometer at 28 inches and one-sixth; the thermometer at  $16^{\circ}$  ( $68^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit). On another day in the same month, nearly in similar circumstances, the instrument was at  $102\frac{1}{4}$ . On the 5th of February, 1788, at nine in the evening, it was at  $103$ . The barometer was as before, the wind south-east, the sky cloudy, and the clouds in large masses and low. Yet, in each day, the instrument in the moistened vessel stood at  $100^{\circ}$ . Our author is director of the canal of Languedoc, and his lodging is on the banks of the river: Toulouse too, though at forty leagues distance, and 421 feet above the Mediterranean, is also near a river: the same event occurred to M. Saussure on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. The appearance has not been satisfactorily accounted for; nor do we see clearly the reason of it. We suspect that the close vessel does not really impart the degree of extreme humidity, and that the 100th degree should be placed farther on the scale. It will be obvious that these extraordinary degrees of moisture occurred in the open air: and the experiments with the moistened vessel were made in a room. The air may have been there-

fore in different states, and differently calculated to communicate or imbibe moisture. The close vessel too may influence, after some time, the hydrometrical affinity of the hair: so that it would undoubtedly be better to adjust the scale in a thick fog, or in a low cloudy sky, when the wind blows over water; for we then know, by other experiments, that the air is in the best state for imparting moisture.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### P O E T R Y.

*Poems by Anthony Pasquin. Two Volumes. 12mo. 5s. Strahan.*

ON a careful perusal, or rather reperusal of these volumes, for most of their contents we have seen before, we can discover but one poetical qualification in their author, and that is INVENTION. He observes, in a note, that 'a Northumbrian ecclesiastic, who, like many more of our modern idlers, would become a poet in despite of fate, wrote a poem entitled PEACE; and, with a degree of cunning which is almost peculiar to the inhabitants of the North, determined to have a brilliant account of his performance in all the Reviews; as his bookseller informed him of the means by which these accounts were obtained, it was resolved to send a guinea with a copy to every Reviewer, and as soon as the point was gained, to reprint a new title-page, signifying to the public that it was the tenth edition. All the superintendants, excepting Dr. Kenrick, who, at that time edited the London Review, pocketed the bribe, and discharged their consciences, by giving the donor *a guinea's worth of praise!* But the doctor, who felt as a poet himself, for the dignity of genius, advertised the work on the cover of the Review as a recompence for the money, but gave such an account of the parson's efforts in the body of the repository, as probably discouraged the divine from any further poetical flights.'

On referring to our index, we found a poem entitled *Peace*, reviewed in vol. LVII. p. 153. If this is the work alluded to, our readers will not think that its author's munificence influenced our judgments very violently in its favour. On looking farther back, vol. XXXVII. p. 473. we found another poem on PEACE, which was called *middling*. A phrase which Anthony's classical knowledge must inform him, when applied to verse, is always taken in a derogatory sense; not equal to the *so so* of Touchstone, but rather resembling 'a negative quantity in algebra, somewhat worse than nothing,' for

mediocribus esse poetis

Non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

We hope in another edition he will shew some judgment as well as invention, which he might do by informing the public that the author's guinea which he sent us, for we and all our brethren,



the *immaculate* Dr. Kenrick excepted, are included, had not its desired effect, owing to his particular enemy's sending us two at the same time, which necessarily more than counterbalanced its weight. The charge at present, like the snake whose head contained an antidote against its venom, carries its acquittal with it. The reader might as well suspect Anthony of having been bribed by Mr. John Kemble. If in future, however, he wishes us to speak well of his poetical labours, we hope he will not take the following hint amiss: namely, to double the usual premium, for unless he should write much better than he does at present, we cannot for less, consistently with our \* *conscience*, speak with any tolerable degree of approbation of such crude and ill-digested compositions.

*Prudence: a Moral, Poetical Essay. To which is subjoined a Version of the eighth Chapter of Proverbs. 8vo. 1s. Scatcherd and Whitaker.*

The author 'being *mind*ed to amuse a few unbusied moments with the pleasures of poetry, it was dictated (does he mean through the impulse of his own mind, or the advice of others) to verify a selection of Solomon's Proverbs.' Many of these he has arranged in some degree of order, and connected with the virtue that gives name to the principal poem. The performance is more worthy of commendation for the morality it inculcates than for the mode in which it is executed.

*The Fane of the Druids. A Poem. Book the Second. By the Author of the first Book. 4to. 2s. Murray.*

We took notice of the first book, which treated of the origin of the Druidical institution, in Vol. LXVI. p. 88. Its decline is here considered, and a sketch given of characters and occurrences in the northern part of Great Britain, from the extinction of the order to the conclusion of the 16th century. Should the present attempt meet with approbation, 'the author proposes to complete his plan in a subsequent book, by tracing society from its origin, to its establishment in Scotland in the present times: in conducting which, he will have occasion not only to consider the great transactions from the beginning of the 17th century down to this time, wherein the Scottish nation bore a part; but also to contemplate its present flourishing situation in commerce, arts, literature, &c. and the causes that have led to it.' He informs us that the first part has been favourably received. If so, the admirers of the former undertaking will not disapprove the present. It is executed nearly in the same manner, but has little connection with the title, and, according to the plan proposed above, the third part will have none at all.

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\* In Fielding's *Pasquin* (a different sort of *Pasquin* from the present), conscience and interest are said to imply the same thing, but that the former is the genteeler word—*verbum sat sapienti!*

*Ode to his Majesty on his Happy Recovery.* 4to. 1s. Wilkie.

‘What pealing shouts, rending the vaulted skies,  
Come rushing on my ear, loud as the sound  
Of torrent waves! Augusta’s towers rebound  
The joy tumultuous, and prolong the noise.  
Loud and more loud the vocal thunders rise.  
He lives! our Sovereign lives! is all the cry:  
He lives! our Sovereign lives! the distant shores reply.’

Huzza! Heaven grant he may long continue to enjoy it. We have been most thoroughly sickened with the verses our situation has obliged us to peruse on his recovery, and sincerely hope they are now brought to a conclusion, and his health fully re-established. The present performance, though like Blackmore’s ever-memorable strains, it appears sometimes to be ‘written to the rumbling of a chariot’s wheels,’ contains many lines that breathe the genuine spirit of poetry: spirit indeed it never wants, but it is too often ‘extravagant and erring.’ We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing one curious instance. ‘Liberty’s silver streamers,’ are mentioned as ‘flowing on the wind.’

‘On whose asbestine texture Brunswick’s name  
Shines, broad-emblaz’d in characters of flame.’

This couplet would have made no contemptible appearance among the happy and apposite quotations of Martinus Scriblerus, in his elaborate treatise on the bathos.

*An Epistle in Verse. Written from Somersetshire.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Murray.

The periods in this poem are generally too long; we sometimes meet with no stop, a comma excepted, for ten or a dozen successive lines. A familiar epistle, like the present, does not certainly require a terse or an elevated style, but it should be polished and perspicuous. That cannot be said of the following passage, addressed to Scotland on her union with England:

‘Yet arduous tasks and toils severe,  
If she, advanc’d in higher sphere  
To move would keep her fame entire,  
Her earnest care and zeal require.  
And oft in words persuasive, sound,  
She warns her sons, more worthy found,  
Whom better thoughts and views engage,  
That conscious of the former age  
When she maintained her Scottish crown,  
And jealous of her just renown,  
They ought, in times illustrious born,  
When brighter wreaths her brow adorn,  
And she a higher part sustains,  
Pious to strive with generous pains



To lift on high her honour'd name,  
With fair encrease of shining fame.'

Exclusive of the author's careless mode in arranging his sentences, which too often occurs, there is little that can be pointed out as exceptionable in this poem. It possesses indeed no superior degree of merit, but may be read with pleasure.

*Leith Hill. A Poem. 4to. 2s. 6d. Hookham.*

' Let others bend their steps to foreign climes,  
From Alpine hill, or lofty Apennine,  
Feast on the grandeur of the Latian plains ;  
While I, perhaps, surpassing grandeur court ;  
Scenes, which my native isle profusely yields,  
At once the theme and glory of my song.

' Ye, whom the beauteous and sublime delight,  
The expansive prospect, leading forth the view  
Till all the distant landscape fades away,  
And form, and shade, are lost in fleeting air ;  
Ascend the brow of solitary Leith,  
Whose ample summit *stretching many a rood,*  
*Pillows* the lowering clouds. There gaze your fill.

' From the smooth platform of a mould'ring tower,  
The tomb of worth, and mark of taste refin'd,  
Which stands a faithful and conspicuous guide  
To that judicious, central point of sight,  
Where best encircling prospects meet the eye ;  
Contemplate first the mighty view beneath.'

The expressions marked in Italics are from Milton, but, as here applied, we do not much admire them. The reason of our quoting these introductory lines was chiefly on account of giving the reader a just idea of the manner in which the poem is generally written. An even flow, with scarcely any break or variation of cadence, a few passages excepted, continues from line to line, sometimes through an entire page, from the beginning to the end of the poem. This, however agreeable in, or essential to, rhyme, has an exceeding bad effect in blank verse. Had the author attended to the structure of Milton's lines, as well as the expressions contained in them, he would have easily learned to have varied his pauses, and not have disgusted the reader by a monotonous uniformity. We have allowed there are some few passages to which our censure does not extend : such lines as the following are not included in it :

' And with magnificence unthought of, fill the scene.'  
' Ennobled by the first of virtues, public zeal.'  
' Next Architecture boasts his varied excellence,  
Points to the obelisk, the pyramid, the bridge.'

We could quote some others of the same kind, but they have not merit sufficient to make an atonement for the faults of others.

*Tetrachymagogen Hypercriticum: a Piece of Poesy merry and sedate. With all proper Distance inscribed to Abraham Quarterman, Ale and Iron Draper. By Tom Plumb. 4to. 1s. 6d. Kearsley.*

After reading this curious poem at the full, the new moon, and in the interval between each, for we would 'spare no labour for our country's good:' after addressing the splendid satellite from whom all lunatics derive their name and inspiration, we could find no solution of the inexplicable problem, viz. the author's end, object, and design. The last lines, entitled the Epilogue, are more intelligible than any others, and we have consequently copied them:

'Tom bids me say, most reverend overseers  
Of Phœbus' poor, that work the critic pen,  
He beats not all your wigs about your ears,  
But decimates, and pulls one wig in ten.

'Tis by majority men win the day.  
If ev'ry fool will then give Tom a plumper,  
The odds o' th' poll's his own, and who shall say  
Most welcome down to H— each witty mumper.'

This peroration is a little in the style of Pindar, but we hope a dark room with some clean straw will soon effect the cure.

*A Poem in Hudibrastic Verse: with an explanatory Preface. Addressed to the Nobility, Gentry, and others, curious in their Carriages. 8vo. 1s. Dickie.*

Mr. Hackwood, a coach-maker in the Acre, (surely our author cannot mean Mr. Hatchett in Long-Acre) on some dispute with his workmen, employed only common carpenters, fineered the pannels, and reduced the price of carriages twenty per cent. On this account the present

'Sharp grinding satire gibbets up his name.'

The lines, as Hudibrastic ones, are not bad; and, considering the provocation, for the author is undoubtedly some journeyman coach-maker out of work, his materials are put together decently and firmly: the buggy is, in truth, a little polished, and, except in some rough road, seems a comfortable easy carriage.

*The Recovery; or, the Tears of Faction: a Poem, occasioned by the late Occurrences, By an Oxonian. 4to. 2s. No Publisher's Name.*

If this illiberal attack on many eminent characters in opposition was really written by an *Oxonian*, it would be sufficient to cause 'the tears of Isis' to flow in unison with those of *Faction*, through shame and pity for her degenerate son.

*The Expostulation, an Epistle, to the right hon. William Pitt, &c. 4to. 2s. Bew.*

A chip of the same block: less exceptionable than the former, by being less intelligible.

*A Con-*



*A Congratulatory Epistle to his Grace the Duke of Portland, on his Majesty's Recovery.* 4to. 1s. Scatcherd and Whitaker.

However different this title may appear from those preceding, and they indeed from each other, the subject is nearly the same. It must be confessed that it is treated in a different, though sometimes not less justifiable manner. The duke is thus admonished of the poverty and greediness of his adherents, and the idea is not without humour. The last line, being a parody, should have been in Italics, or marked with inverted commas:

‘Know! should for ev’ry hair profusely spread  
In copious curls round lord John Russell’s head;  
Yes—if for ev’ry hair a place should fall,  
Their great distress has stomach for them all.’

*New Description of Blenheim, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. To which is prefixed, Blenheim, a Poem. A new, and much improved Edition.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. in Boards. Cadell.

We gave a favourable account of this poem in vol. LXIII. p. 218. It is now revised and enlarged, as is the description of Blenheim and its environs. The latter is too much in ‘the high flown panegyric style:’ but will afford entertainment, and prove of service to those who choose to visit that noble monument, notwithstanding all its defects, of national gratitude.

*The Guinea Voyage. A Poem, in three Books. By James Field Stanfield.* 4to. 2s. Phillips.

More feeling than genius or judgment is discoverable in this poem. Some passages are not devoid of poetic fire, but it in general either emits a dim uncertain light, or flashes at intervals through surrounding clouds of fustian and bombast. The following lines, in which these marks are extremely discernible, are characteristic of the whole performance:

‘O could the verse but to my wishes move,  
No spicy zephyrs borne on wings of love,  
No gentle pinions, fanning spring-tide air,  
Should give one image, or be mentioned here.  
Thy black Tornado, ill-star’d Afric—thine—  
Should be the model of my varied line!  
On the still diction of the mournful strain,  
The rising darkness should profusely reign:  
The sable cloud should wrap the sullen song,  
And in grand melancholy sweep along:  
Then, by degrees, with gath’ring horror fraught,  
Tempestuous numbers, and the electric thought,  
Shake the big thunder—dart th’ indignant beam—  
Till the full torrent pour’d the headlong stream,  
Whelm’d ev’ry bursting breast in twofold ire,  
Grief’s melting show’r—and indignation’s fire.’

The first book considers the voyage to Africa: the second the

transactions there, and the third the return of the vessel to the British colonies. The plan is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Jamieson's, mentioned in our Review for last June, p. 468, but the incidents are different: we have, however, in general, had the principal part of the subject and most interesting circumstances over and over again, both in prose and poetry.

*Expostulatory Odes to a great Duke, and a little Lord.* By Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. 2s. 6d. Kearsley.

We fear that Peter's genius is repressed by the terrors of the law, and he sings with Hob,

'The terrible law, when it fastens its paw,' &c.

for the Expostulatory Odes to a 'little Lord and a great Duke,' who are said to have examined his poems, with a design of proving some parts of them a libel, are evidently written with unusual constraint. The greater number are trifling and insipid, though Peter's spirit occasionally emerges with some lustre. We are sorry to observe, that we do not find it so difficult as usual to select a specimen: there are but three passages adapted for our purpose; we shall prefer what appears to us the best. It is part of his Apology;

'To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright rancour,  
He was a first-rate man of war to me,

Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;

I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;

Playing with patereroes that alarm,

Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—

A sugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow;

Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,

Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is—

Their satire's horrid hair-cloth, mine is silk—

I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;

They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,

My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;

A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves—

I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting thro' the leaves.—

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— 'He tickles only—how can he do more,  
Whose only instrument's a feather?'

We hope he will soon recover from this panic; for genius like his should not be kept in fetters.

D R A.



## D R A M A T I C.

*False Appearances, a Comedy, altered from the French; and performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. By the Right Hon. General Conway. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett.*

This comedy is a translation of the 'Dehors Trompeurs' of M. Boissy, with the addition of an under-plot. It was originally acted at Richmond-house; and afterwards, with the scenes which relate to the abbé, at Drury-lane. The play, like other very genteel comedies, is insipid; and, even the new scenes, from the character of an abbé being so little understood, lose much of their poignancy. It is an exotic which bears not our climate, and will scarcely flourish in our short northern summers.

*The Farm House, a Comedy, in Three Acts, as altered by J. P. Kemble, and first acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, May 1, 1789. 8vo. 1s. Debrett.*

Mr. Kemble should have told us that this pleasing little after-piece consisted of the rural scenes of that excellent comedy, the Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor; but there is so much comic humour in the other parts, so little (a few indecorums excepted) we could wish to blot, that we cannot easily reconcile ourselves to this mutilation. As three farces are now often in the evening's bill of fare, perhaps Mr. Kemble found the stock-list insufficient, and as he is now engaged in the employment of his scissars, it may be of use to observe, that King Lear and Hamlet, by only omitting the tragic parts, might furnish, 'The Cavern, or the Humours of Mad Tom,' and a pleasant entertainment of 'The Grave Diggers.'

*The Married Man. A Comedy, in Three Acts. From Le Philosophe Marié of M. Nericault Desfontaines. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Hay-Market. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinsons.*

This play is said to be taken from the Philosophe Marié of M. Desfontaines; but, in its plot and many of its minuter incidents, it greatly resembles The Married Philosopher, a comedy by a gentleman of the Temple (perhaps Henry Fielding), of which the second edition, that now lies before us, was printed in 1732. The Married Philosopher was taken, it is remarked, from the 'Gallic stage,' where, as we suspect from the prologue, it had the additional ornaments of music and songs; to fill up the space, the gentleman of the Temple seems to have added the characters of Pinwell and Bruth, meagre copies of Tom and Phillis. If M. Desfontaines' play is modern, as we suspect, Mrs. Inchbald has become, though innocently, the receiver of stolen goods. It is enough, however, for us to observe, that the 'Married Man' is pleasing and interesting in its conduct, while, from its length and uniform tenor, it is well suited to the short evenings and the warm weather of the Hay-market season,

The

*The Sentimental Mother, a Comedy, in Five Acts: the Legacy of an Old Friend, and his last Moral Lesson to Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi.* 8vo. 3s. Ridgway.

It is not difficult to divine, even from the title, who the 'Sentimental Mother' is; but, if the insinuations are true, we pity the lady; if false, we detest the calumniator. At any rate, the public is an improper tribunal to be appealed to in this form, and we are always more ready to suppose that private malice dictates the scandal, than that it flows from a genuine love of virtue.

*Don Juan; or, The Libertine Destroyed: a Tragic Pantomimical Entertainment, in two Acts, as performed at the Royalty Theatre.* 8vo. 6d. Stalker.

'A tale which, whether true or false, fact or fable, has furnished every Christian country in the world, I believe, with some subject of representation.'

This is Mrs. Piozzi's account of Don Juan in Italy, and we shall inlist the lady into our corps, by not adding a word to what she has advanced in the ensuing paragraph.

'It makes me no sport, however; the idea of an impertinent finger going to hell is too seriously terrifying to make amusement out of it. Let mythology, which is now grown good for little else, be danced upon the stage; where Mr. Vestris may bounce and struggle in the character of Alcides on his funeral pile, with no very glaring impropriety; and such baubles serve beside to keep old classical stories in the heads of our young people; who, if they *must* have torches to blaze in their eyes, may divert themselves with Pluto catching up Ceres's daughter, and driving her away to Tartarus; but let Don Juan alone. I have at least *half a notion* that the horrible history is *half true*; if so, it is surely very gross to represent it by dancing. Should such false foolish taste prevail in England (but I hope it will not), we might perhaps go happily through the whole book of God's Revenge against Murder, or the Annals of Newgate, on the stage, as a variety of pretty stories may be found there of the same cast; while statues of Hercules and Minerva, with their insignia as heathen deities, might be placed, with equal attention to religion, costume, and general fitness, as decorations for the monuments of Westminster Abby.'

*Remarks on the Nature of Pantomime, or imitative Dance, ancient and modern: with a particular Account of a favourite Ballet, and of a very curious Allegory.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale.

The serious pantomime was not uncommon on the Roman stage, where the reciter and the actor were often two distinct persons. Even Æsopus and Roscius, the tragic and comic heroes of antiquity, were supposed chiefly to excel in gesticulation.

'Quæ



‘*Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*’

Perhaps Pope, in his dry encomium on Betterton, had a similar qualification in view :

‘Which Betterton’s *grave action* dignified.’

Our own Garrick, when he described the sudden grief and terror of the father (whose child had sprung from his arms and was immediately drowned), by action, to those who did not understand his language, appeared to be a master in that art. We have been also informed, that he sometimes sent away disagreeable petitioners, by assuming the terrific in its most violent degree.

But we are wandering from the subject, viz. the Ballet of Cupid and Psyche, which, with a little ingenuity, might be turned into the fall of Adam; while a spiritual allegoriser must in the conclusion see the restoration of mankind. For our own parts, we perceive an elegant fable, whose outline is obvious, but whose particular and isoteric meaning we shall perhaps never understand. The work seems to have been written to recommend this dance, which has now yielded to other novelties. The introductory observations, which show learning and taste, are connected a little unaccountably with the recommendation of a stage-dance. The author of the first would, we should have thought, scarcely have condescended to become the puffer of M. Noverre.

*Alfred, an Historical Tragedy. To which is added, a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems. By the same Author. 8vo. 4s. Robinsons.*

The tragedy of Alfred abounds with absurdities; at which, as we have been led to suppose that it is the performance of an ‘untaught muse,’ we were not much surprised. We confess, however, that we were greatly so at perceiving an elegance and neatness in some of the lesser poems, which would have done no discredit to a writer of the greatest eminence. They are not indeed strictly correct. ‘Rudely’ and ‘unhided’ in the following little *jeu d’esprit* may be objected to: the first rather conveys a wrong idea, the second is an awkward word; yet the thought and expression in most other respects strike us as equally happy. The lines are addressed to a lady called Maria, on reading to her Sterne’s beautiful story of that name.

‘As Sterne’s pathetic tale you hear,  
Why rudely check the rising sigh?  
Why seek to hide the pitying tear,  
Whose lustre aids the brilliant eye?

Tears which lament another’s woe,  
Unveil the goodness of the heart:  
Uncheck’d, unhided, these should flow—  
They please beyond the pow’r of art.

Does

Does not yon crimson-tinted rose,  
 Whose opening blush delights the view,  
 More splendid colouring disclose,  
 When brightly gem'd with morning dew?

So shall Maria's beauteous face,  
 Drest in more pleasing charms appear,  
 When aided by the matchless grace  
 Of Pity's sympathizing tear.'

### DIVINITY AND RELIGIOUS.

*The Revolution the Work of God, and a Cause of Joy. Two Sermons delivered in Bristol-Street Meeting-House, Nov. 5th. 1788. By James Peddie. 8vo. 1s. Duncan, Glasgow.*

Our author seems to be a minister of the Seceders, a sect of Dissenters from the church of Scotland, who are generally of the Calvinistic persuasion. His sermons are rather loyal than elegant; rather political and religious than correct or very pleasing performances.

*The Rise, Progress, and Effects of Sunday Schools considered in a Sermon, preached at Taunton, March 28, 1789. By Joshua Toulmin. M. A. 8vo. 1s. Johnson.*

Mr. Toulmin considers this improvement, which arose from small beginnings, as likely to produce the most important consequences, and his text is taken from the xviiiith chapter of the first book of Kings, where the rain, after the great drought, in the time of Ahab, was brought on by a cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand. He introduces the subject by a view of some great events, from an origin almost equally in appearance unimportant; and of the concurrence of all ranks and all parties in an institution, where no particular tenet of religion is inculcated; he hopes that a more perfect union of sentiment, or at least of the most extensive liberality and charity, may be the consequence.

*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Madron, in the County of Cornwall, on the 23d of April, 1789, being the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving for the Recovery of the King from Illness. By W. Tremenheere, A. B. 4to. 1s. Wilkie.*

This Sermon is very short and very loyal: it is written in easy flowing language, though often a little too flowery and poetical.

*Sermons for Children; being a Course of fifty-two, on Subjects suited to their tender Age, and in a Style adapted to the Understanding of the rising Generation. By the Rev. Mark Anthony Meilan. In three Volumes. 12mo. 9s. Printed for the Author.*

The language of these discourses designed for children is inelegant, intricate, and embarrassed. The sentiments are very seldom beautiful or striking. The author, in one of his sermons, 'avows himself indebted to God's providence for gifts  
 not



not lavished upon every one, for strength of understanding, and a disposition suited to employ it.' It is kind to inform us of this, as we certainly should not otherwise have been able to make the discovery.

*Jure Divino; or, the True Grounds and Reasons for the support of the Christian Ministry. Occasioned by the present contested Election at the Asylum. 4to. 1s. 6d. Johnson.*

Our author states with great propriety what it is to preach the Gospel, by showing what the gospel of Christ is, and the necessity of understanding its nature, design, and tendency, to carry that conviction to the mind of the hearer which the importance of the subject demands: his conclusion is, that those who 'preach the gospel should live by the gospel.' This pamphlet is said to have been occasioned by the present contested election at the Asylum; but we find nothing of this subject, and what relates to the conclusion consists only of some few vague and indecisive hints on the Utopian scheme of equalising livings, a measure devoutly to be wished for, but as imaginary as a millennium, or one vast republic.

*A Letter on the Sonship of Christ, originally addressed to some of the Members of the Baptist Church at Edinburgh. By A. M'Lean. 12mo. 1s. Buckland.*

This letter was originally addressed by the author to some of the members of the Baptist Church at Edinburgh, among whom it seems the subject had created a little confusion. Mr. M'Lean professes himself a firm Trinitarian, and urges that the relations expressed by the names of Father and Son in scripture, are not intended to teach the manner and order of their eternal subsistence in the Godhead. He produces many arguments to prove, that the title of *Son of God* applied to Christ merely as relative to his appearance in human nature. The greater part of the pamphlet, however, is allotted to an examination of the defence of the contrary opinion, by Dr. Robert Walker. Mr. M'Lean writes like a man of discernment, and seems to have greatly the advantage in the controversy.

*An Epistolary Address to the rev. Dr. Priestley; containing an Apology for those who conscientiously subscribe to the Articles of the Church of England. By the rev. J. Hawkins. 8vo. 1s. 6d. White and Son.*

This Address contains an apology for those who conscientiously subscribe to the articles of the church of England, and in particular to the doctrines of the Trinity, &c. The author, who is the rev. Mr. John Hawkins, remonstrates with Dr. Priestley on the censures which the latter has cast on the clergy and the doctrines of the church of England, and undertakes to prove, that the doctrines of the Trinity and the divinity of Jesus Christ involve no contradiction or absurdity. We have only to add, that

that he writes with much good sense, and discovers great moderation of candour.

*Effusions of the Heart: or, Heavenly Meditations and Devotional Exercises.* By Sophronia. 8vo. 1s. sewed. Dilly.

In pain, anxiety, and affliction, the reflecting mind can only find consolation in religion, in looking to that higher sphere, where the wicked cease from troubling, and sorrow is heard no more. In these moments, when the heart is softened, and the mind debilitated, religion will often rise to enthusiasm, and the language swell into bombast. Our afflicted author is more rational than many of those whose meditations have been published: she displays true piety, acute sensibility, and a rational resignation. A few words only, and one or two images occasionally, debase the subject; but, on the whole, she deserves no little commendation.

*An Exhortation to all Christian People, to refrain from Trinitarian Worship.* 8vo. 4d. Johnson.

Our author contrasts the different doxologies and prayers of the church of England, and other Trinitarians, with the language of the holy scriptures, and points out what appears to him a singular and striking opposition. He then exhorts his readers to avoid the Trinitarian worship from various considerations, and answers the objections which may be made against their secession. The Exhortation is plain and animated; but the representations are not always fair, or the conclusions just.

*A Vindication of the Doctrine of the Pre-existence of Christ, considered in a practical View: humbly recommended to the Attention of the Serious.* By Joseph Cornish. 8vo. 1s. Robinsons.

While Dissenters of every denomination are said to be migrating to the pale of Socinianism, said very aptly by our author's friend, to be '*the frigid zone of religion*,' yet Mr. Cornish stands firm and unmoved. His Vindication is a plain, judicious, and generally accurate view of the best arguments which have been adduced to prove the pre-existence of Christ; among these we perceive some which appear to us to be new, or at least enforced in an unusually persuasive style.

## M E D I C A L.

*A Tale of Truth. Addressed to Arthritics: containing a secure, cheap, and certain Remedy for the Gout.* 8vo. 6d. Kearsley.

The remedy is opium, given after the first violence of the pain, and its astringent effects are prevented by tincture of rhubarb. But, really, has not the author read Dr. Warner's work, or any medical treatise on the subject of gout? Opium is frequently recommended. Though we live by the practice of physic, and do not greatly love empiricism, we have such a regard for the author, for his truly benevolent and disinterested attempt,



attempt, that we will tell him, his case is not a fair one: his gout is complicated with rheumatism; and if he takes Dover's powder (the pulv. ipecacuanhæ compositus of the last Dispensatory) it will succeed better.

*The History and Chemical Analysis of the Mineral Water lately discovered in the City of Gloucester; the various Diseases to which it is applicable considered; and the necessary Regulations for drinking it with Success ascertained and prescribed. By John Hemming, M. D. 8vo. 1s. Hookham.*

Our author gives a very laboured account of this mineral water, which contains in each gallon of fixed air seventy-two ounce measures; calcareous earth, combined with the same acid, thirty grains; aerated magnesia twenty-four grains; aerated iron, eight grains; and Epsom salt, thirty grains. It appears to be unequal in its strength at different times; and, at best, its impregnations are so slight that no material advantage can be derived from them, except perhaps from the iron. There are probably ten thousand similar springs in England of at least equal strength, and many of superior powers.

#### N O V E L S.

*The Hermit of Snowden; or, Memoirs of Albert and Lavinia, taken from a faithful Copy of the original Manuscript, which was found in the Hermitage, by the late Rev. Dr. L. and Mr. —, in the Year 17\*\*. 8vo. 3s. Walter.*

Without pretending to examine the authenticity of the manuscript, or to develop the inconsistencies of a tale so trite as the discovery of a hermitage and the papers containing the story, we can safely say that the tale is written by no common author; is pleasing, and may be useful. It teaches the salutary lesson of guarding against mean suspicion and unreasonable jealousy; the danger of protracting the happiness within reach, lest the unaffected love of a delicate female should be the ill-disguised dictates of interest or ambition. Read it, ye sons of fashion or of fortune, and change your conduct: be happy, if your hearts, depraved by vanity and dissipation, will permit!

*Elenora, a Novel, in a Series of Letters, written by a Female Inhabitant of Leeds in Yorkshire. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Walter.*

An accident prevented Eleonora from reaching us so soon as we expected, and to that circumstance alone must be attributed our delay. It is, on the whole, a work highly creditable to the good sense and the benevolence of the author. The story is not perplexed by an artificial plot unravelled with skill; but an artless tale, told in an easy pleasing style, enlivened by the occasional introduction of humorous personages and laughable events, and rendered instructive by the excellent morality which pervades every page of these volumes. We heartily wish the author, in her future attempts, the success which she so well deserves.

*The*



*The Innocent Fugitive; or, Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.* By the Author of the *Platonic Guardian*. 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. Hookham.

We reviewed *The Platonic Guardian* in our LXIVth volume, p. 392, and we there traced the fair author in the footsteps of Miss Burney. The character of Bennet is drawn and coloured from the same original, and some less important and striking imitations of that celebrated novellist may be discerned. The present story, and particularly the hinge on which it turns, is in some degree improbable; but it is pleasing, and often interesting. The characters are neither pointed, nor discriminated with much address.

*Hartley House, Calcutta.* 3 Volumes. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Doddsley.

We have been much pleased with these volumes; for, in the guise of a novel, they will convey much information. They contain a pleasing, and, we think, an accurate description of Bengal and its capital, Calcutta.

#### M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

*Observations on the Herring Fisheries upon the North and East Coasts of Scotland, &c.* By Lewis M'Culloch. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Richardson.

These Observations are clear, plain, and apparently honest. They are highly creditable to the author's good sense and practical knowledge of his business, and deserve the attention of those who are engaged in the fisheries.

*A Letter to the Author of a Letter to the Bishops, on the Application of the Dissenters for a Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.* By W. A. 8vo. 6d. Printed for the Author.

The manly language of the author of a Letter to the Bishops respecting the Repeal of the Test Act, is parodied in this little pamphlet, and applied to the opponents of baptism by immersion.

*Exercises in Latin Composition.* By the rev. J. Adams. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Law.

This school-book is intended as a sequel to *Exempla Minora*, Bailey's Exercises, &c. or to be used alternately with them. The first part contains easy English lessons, with the Latin words to be rendered by the scholar into their proper cases, moods, genders, &c. The second, English lessons without the Latin words, that the learner may, by consulting his dictionary, choose for himself. The author entertains a high opinion of the utility of his manual, and we agree with him that under proper direction it may prove serviceable.

